



No. 580.—VOL. XLV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MR. LEWIS WALLER IN "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," AT THE IMPERIAL.

THIS IS MR. WALLER'S FAVOURITE PORTRAIT, AND IS SUPPLIED EXCLUSIVELY TO "THE SKETCH"

*Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.*



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



The Sketch Office,  
Monday, March 7.

WITH the single exception of the Coronation, there has not been presented to the gaze of the present generation a more gorgeous spectacle than Mr. George Edwardes provides in "The Cingalee," at Daly's Theatre. What? You think that a little fulsome? Listen, then, to the *Referee* on the same topic: "The beautiful harmonies of colour produced by the lovely costumes of principals and chorus add a charm to the work of the ingenious author and the gifted composer." There is more art in praising than in damning, you must remember, and I cannot help feeling that both the dramatic critic of the *Referee* and myself are to be congratulated on our success. To speak seriously, though, "The Cingalee" is really a very charming production, and if, some time during the next two or three years, you happen to drop in at Daly's, I am sure you will agree with me. The first Act is almost perfect as it stands. The story is interesting and well told; the music is melodious without being "cheap"; the majority of the lyrics are daintily written. The second Act, unfortunately, is rather dull. The story, to a great extent, has already been exploited, and the time is filled up by the introduction of four or five songs—"Words and music by Paul A. Rubens."

Despite the success of "The Miller's Daughter" and one or two other capital ditties, I do wish Mr. Rubens would allow somebody else to write the words of his songs. I am not a lyric-writer myself, but I would undertake to find twenty people who could knock together something better than this—

If English Pot a rich man be,  
He spend it all in a day:  
When finished with a thing, then he  
Will throw the lot all away.

He buy a cab for half-a-crown  
To drive about all over town,  
And when he's done he give it back  
to the coachman on the box.

Even Mr. Huntley Wright could not squeeze humour out of those lines, or, for that matter, out of these—

I am not a conjure man,  
But I simply say,  
I can tell you all you want  
In a quite new way.

Crystal I do not consult,  
Palmistry is rot;  
If you want to know the truth—  
Oh! I know a lot!

However, perhaps I had better mind my own business.

In order to prepare myself for the general frivolity of the musical comedy, I spent the afternoon of Saturday in the pit of the Avenue Theatre. "A Man of Honour" is not, on the whole, a good piece, but it contains several excellent scenes and more than one striking passage. It is a pity that the dramatist chose so trite a theme—that of the well-educated young man who gets into trouble with a barmaid, marries her out of pity, and then discovers that it is impossible to live with her. Mr. Maugham, of course, has nothing new to say on the subject. He merely shows us a rather brutal picture of the husband and wife "having it out." In the third Act the wife catches the husband with another lady, and when the curtain goes up on the fourth Act we gather—from the fact that Mr. Ben Webster is exquisitely arrayed in a sweet suit of black, relieved about the neck and wrists with linen bands of purest white—that the unfortunate ex-barmaid has emulated the heroines of inexpensive fiction by poisoning herself in the Thames. Altogether, then, I was quite ready for Daly's by the time we had finished with "A Man of Honour," but I should have been sorry to miss the very clever performance of Mr. George Trollope as the rascally brother of the barmaid. Mr. C. M. Hallard, too, played most admirably throughout.

Several correspondents have requested me to furnish them with further particulars of the "Celebrity Tea" to which I alluded last week. "Who pins the names on the backs of the guests?" asks one lady. "Anybody," I reply. "Does everyone know who each person represents except the person himself?" is another question. "Certainly, if they

care to look," I retort. "How are the prizes awarded?" is a third query. "Well," I explain, "there is a gentleman's prize and a lady's prize, and they go to the gentleman and the lady, respectively, who guess the most names before the party breaks up. You see, when somebody thinks he has discovered the name pinned to his back—or rather, to the coat on his back—he hurries up to the hostess and asks whether he is correct. If he is not correct, the hostess shakes her head roguishly, smiles mysteriously, and goes on with her knitting. If, on the other hand, he has guessed rightly, she whips off the label and turns him into another celebrity." "What sort of celebrities should one choose?" pleads a rather stupid correspondent. "Any sort," I snap, being, by this time, a little tired of the subject. "One moment," squeaks a tiny voice. "Do you have a booby prize for the one that guesses fewest names?" "That," I snarl, "depends upon the kind of society you happen to frequent." (This correspondence must now cease.)

By the way, nobody guessed the character I described, so that I should have been quite safe in offering a prize. Yet there can be little difficulty about it if you really give the matter your undivided attention. Let me quote the description once again: "As old as the hills, short, rather plump, very popular, very dangerous, careless in my attire, always to be found in London during the Season, particularly fond of seaside places during August, inclined towards lawlessness, dignified, extremely short-sighted, and cunning to a degree." . . . Give it up? Cupid.

A rash statement appears in the current number of the *Spectator*. Discussing the question of schoolboys' pocket-money, a writer says: "How much pocket-money is necessary to make a boy happy at school? In the case of boys in a preparatory school, of course, the question is very easily answered. Practically speaking, they do not actually need any pocket-money at all." I shall not be surprised to hear that the *Spectator* has quite ceased to circulate amongst gentlemen at preparatory schools. Could anything be more preposterous! How can any fellow be happy without tuck? And, without pocket-money, how can he buy tuck? Besides, there are heaps and heaps of other necessities that the boy at a preparatory school has to pay for out of his own pocket. Foreign stamps, for example, and transfers, and fusees, and nails, and second-hand knives, and cobbler's-wax, and many other trifles absolutely essential if life is to be made at all endurable. This is no joking matter. A statement such as I have quoted is calculated to upset completely the ideas of fathers and uncles, and to destroy the great traditions that have been jealously cherished by generation after generation of—er—younger schoolboys. Down with the *Spectator*!

Mrs. John Lane—the wife, I presume, of the well-known publisher—contributes to the March number of the *Fortnightly Review* an entertaining article on "Entertaining." In her opening paragraph, Mrs. Lane explains the vital difference between English and American society. American people, she declares, love to entertain, whereas English people don't want to be entertained. Personally speaking, the latter statement is true enough. I hate being entertained—at any rate, in the accepted sense of the term. I find not the least pleasure in stuffy drawing-rooms, meaningless smiles, forced conversations, insincere compliments, heartless good-byes. Time thus spent is time worse than wasted, and extravagance of that kind always seems to me the silliest kind of prodigality. I cannot agree with Mrs. Lane, therefore, when she suggests, with delightful inconsistency, that America deserves to be rewarded "for all the entertainments it has lavished on bygone Englishmen." Rather would I tender my thanks to that great nation for having temporarily interrupted the decorous monotony of the English evening by the introduction of the cake-walk. What a pity that our national lack of energy prevented this blood-stirring measure from developing into an institution!

THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY AT DALY'S THEATRE.



RALPH CLEAVER'S SKETCHES AT THE DRESS-REHEARSAL OF "THE CINGALEE."

## THE CLUBMAN.

*One Act of an Opera at Monte Carlo—A Roumanian Gambler—Clubs at Monte Carlo, Nice, and Cannes.*

IT is, I should fancy, rarely that an opera does not proceed beyond its first Act, but that was what happened when "Les Contes D'Hoffman" was produced at Monte Carlo. The performance was for the benefit of the Red Cross Society, and therefore the singers made efforts which they would not otherwise have done; but it was evident that Mdle. Cavalieri, whose first appearance it was in Grand Opera before the cosmopolitan audience of Monte Carlo, and Alvarez, the tenor, were suffering from colds which ought to have confined them to their beds, and after the first Act the manager came forward and expressed his regrets that the opera could not be concluded. Two days later, it was sung throughout, with Mdle. Landouzy and M. Salignac in the principal parts.

Of course, at Monte Carlo the talk chiefly centres round the tables, and a record run on the red or black is thought of more importance than all the battles fought off Port Arthur. Only the *décavés* look at the telegrams posted up in the pillared hall of the Casino and gain a

The Club of the Casino Municipal at Nice, which is the rival to be outdone, if possible, by the Monte Carlo Club, has some of the finest rooms I have ever seen. The gaming-room of the Nice Club has a great ceiling of artistically moulded plaster, in which electric-lights shine like stars amidst white clouds. At the four corners, winged figures—which, I suppose, are angels—hold up this heavenly canopy. The walls are gorgeous with marble and tapestry, but on the floor are the little green tables, each with a circular rail behind the dealer's seat, which pay for all the gilding and the panels. And the tables pay for creature comforts as well, for, although free food and free drink are not pressed upon the players, as was the case when Monte Carlo first tried to rival Homburg and Baden-Baden, before Bismarck swept the gaming-tables out of Germany, you can eat one of the best dinners on the Riviera at an exceedingly cheap price in the dining-rooms which form part of the Club. Therefore the really wise man at Nice becomes a member of the Cercle of the Casino Municipal, his subscription for the season being but a sovereign, and uses all the rooms in it except the baccarat one. Membership of the Club gives admittance to the Casino as well, where throughout the afternoon and the evening there is some amusement forward.

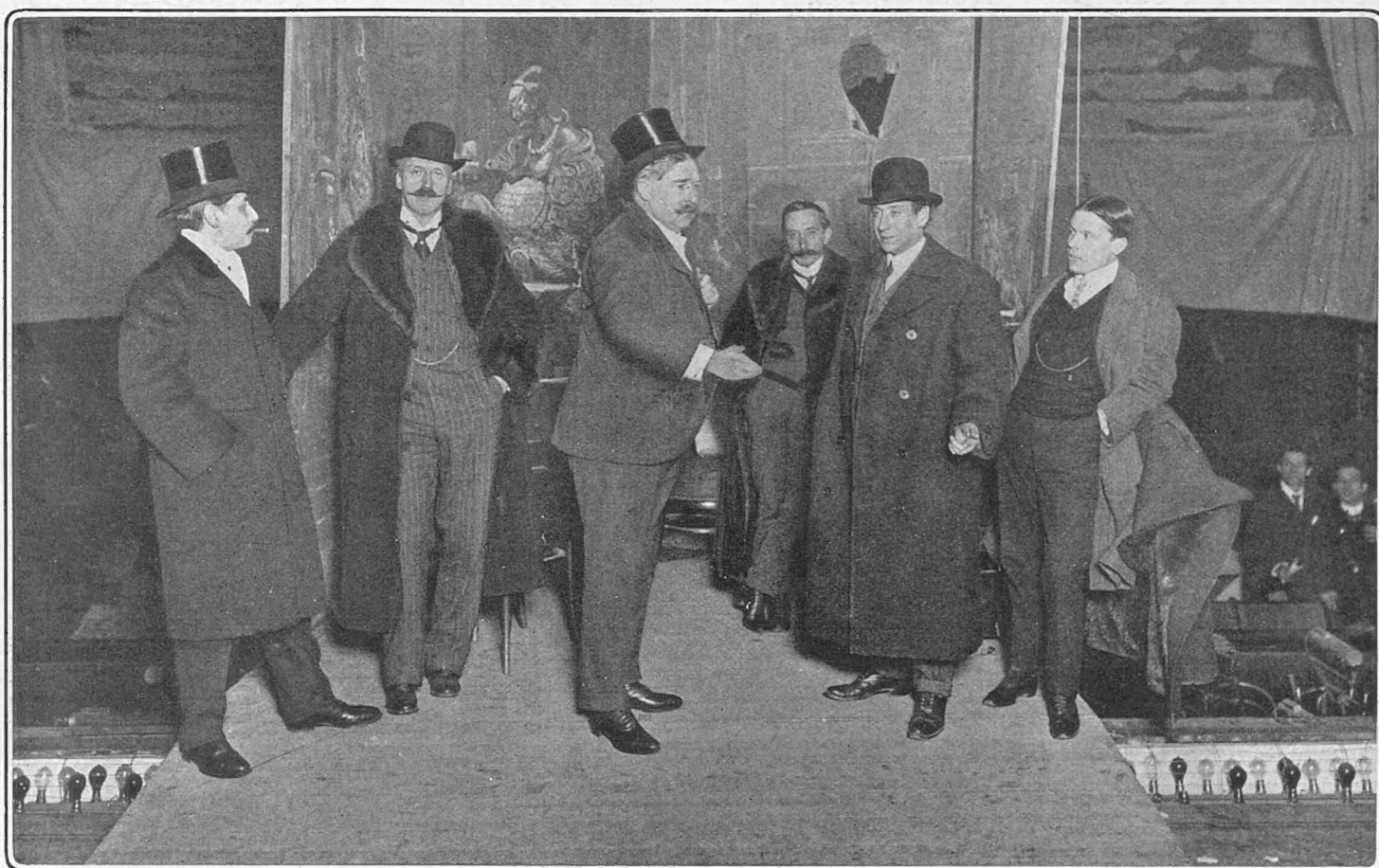
There are *petits chevaux*, or some game which much resembles that of the little horses, in the side-rooms leading off from the great hall;

Mr. James T. Tanner,  
the Author.

Mr. Lionel Monckton,  
the Composer.

Mr. George Edwardes.

Mr. Willie Warde,  
Arranger of the Dances.



[Copyright of "The Sketch."]

MORE FLASHLIGHT ON THE NEW PIECE AT DALY'S: MR. GEORGE EDWARDES REHEARSING "THE CINGALEE."

*The little platform on which Mr. Edwardes is standing is built out from the front of the stage over the orchestra.*

melancholy consolation for their own losses in Russian and Japanese defeats. The most important man in Monte Carlo for some days was a little Roumanian, whose name no one knew. He seemed a very quiet, retiring gentleman, and wore pince-nez, but he made many tens of thousands of pounds in a couple of days and lost them equally quickly. To watch him play, showing no emotion of any kind, one would never suppose that a "maximum" was at stake with every deal of the cards. He put a great wad of notes on the table and pushed it from red to black, and the croupier added some notes to it or took them away, according as he had won or lost. When his bundle finally disappeared, he went over to the Café de Paris and ate a chop as though his day's work were satisfactorily over.

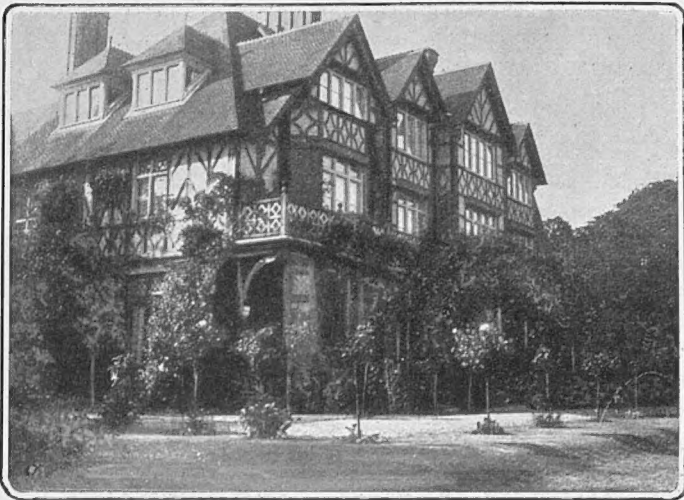
Monte Carlo is determined that every opportunity shall be given to gamblers to lose their money by every possible method, and the Company which holds the gaming concession has now built a palace in honour of the game of baccarat. It is of creamy stone, with a gilded portico and beautiful gilt lamps before its doors, and it stands on the site of the Monte Carlo Hotel, which used, before the present Casino arose, to be the gaming-rooms and where the gamblers were regaled with food and drink to their hearts' content free of price, in order to encourage them to further exertions. The suite of rooms on the first-floor of the new Club is a magnificent one. It is wonderful what splendour the *cagnolle* (the percentage the Clubs take from the bankers at baccarat) pays for.

but what makes the Nice Casino the most successful undertaking of its kind is that it is an exceptionally bright and light building, decorated always with the colours worn at the balls of the season—this year, pink and blue—and that from sundown to midnight there is always music and movement and amusement to be found beneath the great glass curve. Under the palms are many little tables and easy cane-chairs, and no one objects to pay a franc for a cup of tea while a good band is playing. I should fancy that the profit made out of the thousands of cups of tea which are drunk every afternoon between five and six o'clock must go far towards paying the expenses of the great building and its entertainments. I went to the "Bal Fleuri" at the Nice Casino, and never saw a prettier sight. Every lady's dress was decorated with flowers, and no man was allowed inside the doors unless he showed some signs of floral adornment. The people who had taken boxes in the theatre, which was where the dancing took place, had all decorated their boxes elaborately with flowers, and there were prizes and banners given for the best costumes, to the most beautiful ladies, and for the most tastefully decorated *loges*.

There is one Club on the Riviera which does not obtain its revenue from the *cagnolle* at baccarat, and that is the new Union Club at Cannes, which has become the British Club of the town, though its President is a Russian Grand Duke. It is the house which was built for the convenience of King Edward when, three years ago, he was expected to make a long stay at Cannes.

# SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S RETIREMENT: VIEWS OF "MALWOOD,"

HIS HOME IN THE NEW FOREST, WHERE THE STATESMAN WILL SPEND HIS DECLINING YEARS.



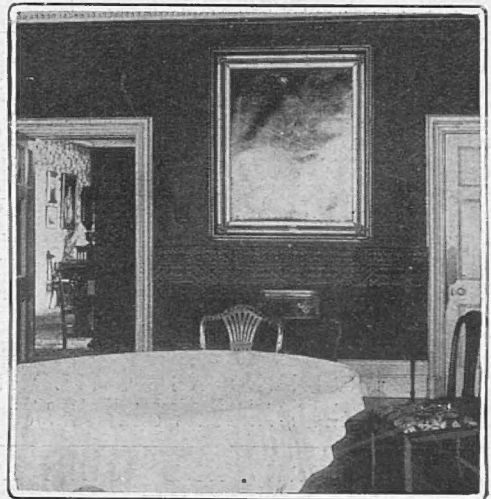
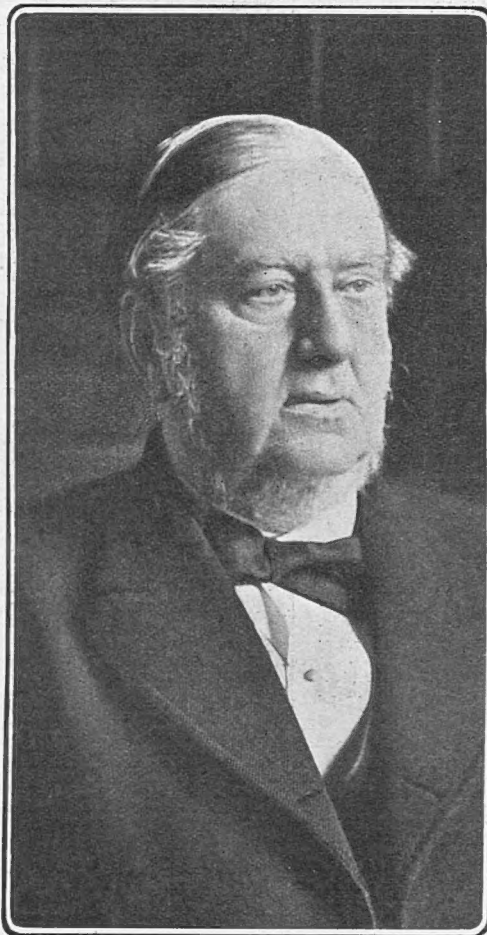
A PRETTY PHOTO OF THE EXTERIOR.



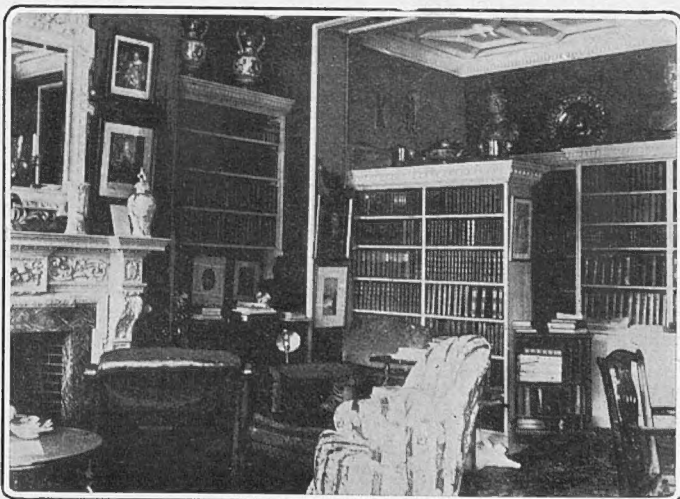
THE MAIN ENTRANCE.



THE HALL.



THE DINING-ROOM.



SIR WILLIAM'S STUDY.



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*Photograph of Sir William Harcourt by Russell, the Views by H. C. Shelley.*

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Or from any Bookseller.

## KIPLING 'MIDST THE CARS.

[Mr. Kipling's *Daily Mail* Parodies, "The Muse Among the Motors," have ended—with Tennyson. Much sorrow is felt that they should lack their crown. The following is a suggestion.]

Sight of a swollen tea-urn, stench of a bin in pain,  
Sound of a thumping tympan, speed of a South Coast train,  
Great one, fast-forging, terrific, metalsome son of a gun,  
What is the feeling of throb-racked nuts when the dank day's work  
be done?

Oh, for the roar of a rushing wheel, or the rhyme that scans so free,  
With the far-flung flaunt of a senseless stave, or the boom of an *A.M.B.*;  
And ho, for the bosomed low-lands, and the slain hounds left behind,  
And the hoot of the horn, or the thrice-cursed thorn, that uncorks  
the tyresome wind!

Three score and ten is the span of men, the men who make the car,  
With the flash of a hell-hot furnace, and the red-white molten scar,  
And three score with ten the poets, who here 'midst the motors fought,  
Yes, three score with ten I, Rudyard, whose small type means—simply nought;  
So ho for the grumbling axles, the Panhard that blithely jumps!  
Clear the road! . . . Love a duck, have a care! . . .  
Steam ahead, now! . . . Gawd strike . . . she . . . bumps!

D. F. T. C. in the "Isis."

## T. FISHER UNWIN'S NEW NOVELS.

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THE CARDINAL'S PAWN. K. L. MONTGOMERY.

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## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS MARCH 12.

## THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR. *Special Illustrations.*

## THE SINKING OF THE "VARIAG."

## "THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS MARCH 12.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.



# SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

## THE FORTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MAJESTIES' WEDDING.

(See Page 265.)

**T**O-MORROW (the 10th) is the forty-first anniversary of their Majesties' wedding-day, and Edward the Seventh's beautiful Queen Consort has become so closely identified with her adopted country that it is difficult to realise with

the mingled softness and fire of youth to a remarkable degree. The late Queen of Denmark, from whom Her Majesty has inherited her graceful figure and dignity of bearing, possessed the same marvellous power of defying Time's decrees, and this gift of the gods has also been bestowed with a generous hand on the Dowager Empress of Russia and on the Duchess of Cumberland.

### *Sir William Harcourt's Retirement.*

The whole House of Commons is sorry to hear that Sir William Harcourt is not to stand again for election. He will be missed more than any Parliamentarian since Mr. Gladstone. For thirty-five years he has been a member, and during nearly all that time he

what a mixture of fear and hope the British people regarded her coming to take her place among them in 1863. Very little was then known of the lovely Danish Princess, and Tennyson, in magnificent and memorable words, struck the first note of welcome. By Queen Victoria's special wish, the more noted literary men of that day, including Kingsley, Thackeray, and Dickens, were present at the Royal marriage, and they each gave, in letters or memoirs, a vivid word-picture of the scene.

### *Their Majesties' Wedding-Garments.*

Though the Court was still in mourning for Prince Albert, the wedding of the then Prince of Wales was, as in duty bound, a great and splendid pageant. All the Knights of the Garter were present in their robes, and the bridegroom wore the purple velvet mantle over the uniform of a British General. The bride's wedding-dress was extraordinarily elaborate, for the marriage took place in the height of the crinoline period. Accordingly, the white satin skirt, garlanded with orange-blossoms, tulle, and lace, was of generous proportions, and caused the slender figure of its wearer to look absolutely sylph-like. Her fair hair, in contrast to the magnificence of her costume, was very simply dressed, and the long veil of Honiton lace was arranged over a small wreath of orange-blossoms. Among the jewels worn by the Princess were the gorgeous parure of diamonds and pearls, the gift of the Prince, and the rivière of diamonds presented by the Corporation of London.

### *Her Majesty's Bridesmaids.*

Instead of following the present Royal fashion of choosing her bevy of bridesmaids among her own relations, the Queen's attendant maidens were taken from the high British nobility, and each of the eight was the daughter of a Duke, of a Marquis, or of an Earl, such great names as those of Howard, Hamilton, Bruce, Beauclerk, and Wellesley being represented among them. Thanks again in a measure to the crinoline, the Royal bridesmaids made a most imposing group. Their frocks were of white tulle over white glacé silk, and trimmed with blush-roses, shamrock, and white heather. Each wore a crystal locket studded with coral and diamonds, forming the letters "A. E. A." These lockets, which are still among the most cherished possessions of the ladies to whom His Majesty presented them forty-one years ago, were designed by Princess Alice. The Royal bridesmaids presented the bride with a bracelet containing a miniature portrait of each one of themselves.

### *Queen Alexandra Then and Now.*

Time has dealt wonderfully kindly by the Queen, and it is difficult to realise, when looking at Mr. Edward Hughes's lifelike picture of Her Gracious Majesty, that in nine short years she and our popular King will be receiving their devoted subjects' congratulations on their



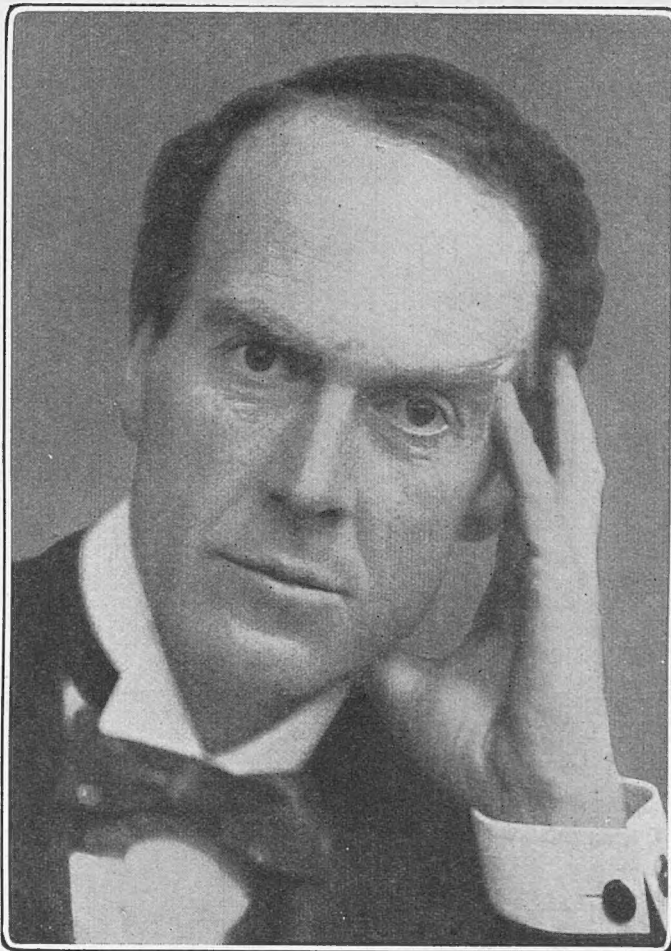
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE PRESENT DAY.

AFTER A PAINTING BY EDWARD HUGHES, PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.

has been a conspicuous figure. Though a chivalrous adversary, as Sir George Trevelyan has said, he has not been a lukewarm fighter. On the contrary, he has given hard blows with gusto and received them without complaint. Yet he has no enemies in the House. In former days he may have been a little hard on dull colleagues, about whom he spoke his mind freely, but his bluntness has been forgiven.

Although Sir William has played a great rôle on the Parliamentary stage and has led the House of Commons, he was disappointed because he missed the greatest prize. It seemed almost within his reach when Mr. Gladstone resigned the Prime Ministership ten years ago, and many Liberals put forward a claim on his behalf. The dissension and misunderstanding which were caused by the selection of Lord Rosebery have left their mark on the Liberal Party. Sir William led the Party in Opposition for several years, but "cross-currents" proved too strong for him, and he was succeeded by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who has firmly held the position. Although he sat apart for two or three Sessions at the end of the Front Bench, he was recently drawn from his isolation, and now he is on easy terms even with the Liberal Imperialists.

Perhaps the Parliamentary fights which Sir William Harcourt enjoyed most were those with Mr. Goschen (now Lord Goschen) on questions of finance. They had been colleagues in early days, and they remained friends, but they pitched into one another with tremendous vigour, and, as they were well matched, they took pride in their duel. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Sir William Harcourt also exchanged hot words in the course of their career; but the one showed deference to the other, and frequently, before or after financial controversies, they met behind the Speaker's Chair. Mr. Balfour has always shown a greater liking for Sir William than for the present Leader of the Opposition, and the friendship of "the Squire of Malwood" and Mr. Chamberlain has stood the test of strange vicissitudes. Among his other friends is Lord James of



LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON,  
COLONIAL SECRETARY.

*Taken by Beresford.*

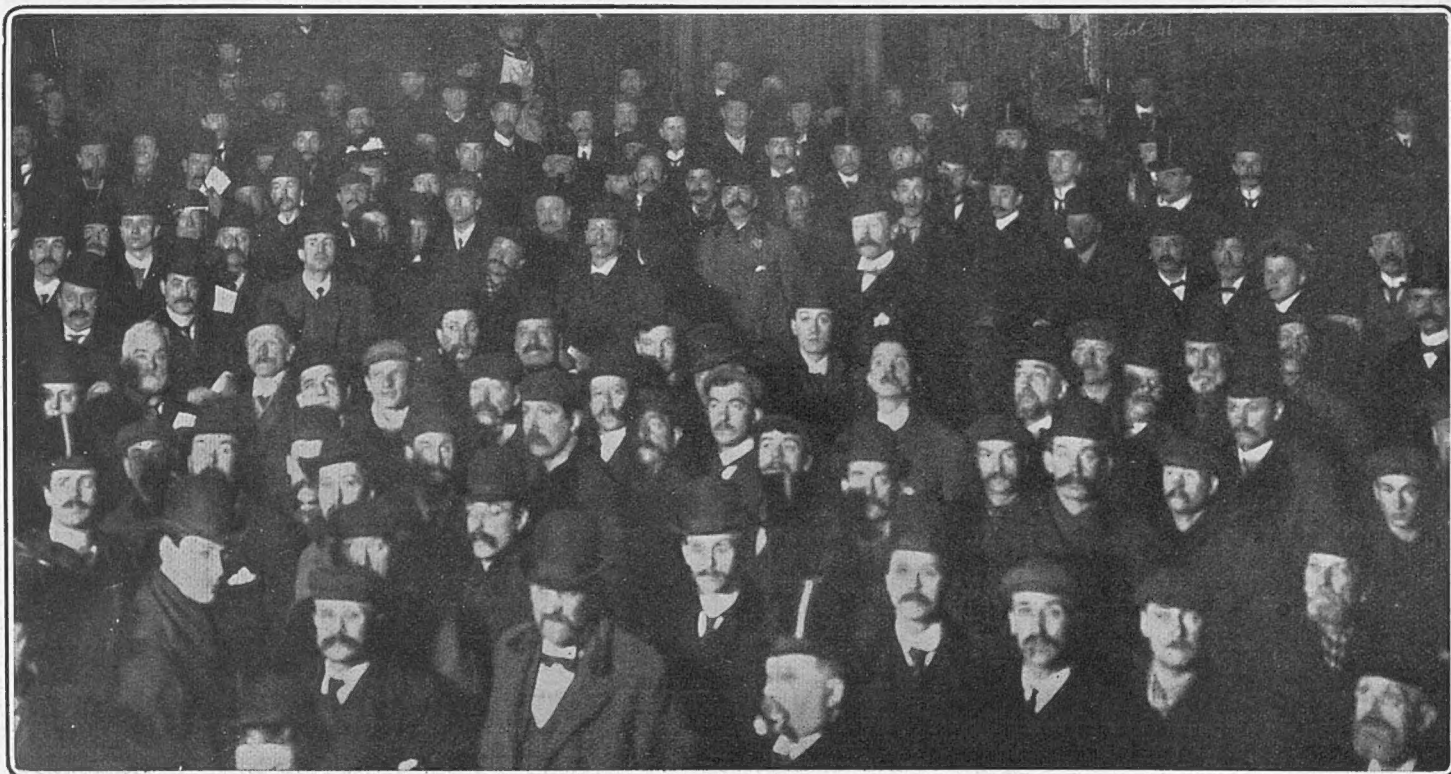
Hereford. Lord James was Attorney-General when Sir William was Solicitor-General, thirty years ago, and acted as best man at his second marriage, in 1876.

As a debater, Sir William Harcourt in his prime had few equals. Some of his elaborate speeches were ponderous, but in satire he excelled, and many of his orations were enriched by eighteenth-century quotations. He was, perhaps, most effective when least prepared. Replying on the spur of the moment to an opponent, he would toss him, metaphorically, in the air.

There were formerly two Harcourts in the House, Sir William's elder brother sitting on the Conservative side, and after his resignation he may be succeeded by his son, who is standing for a Lancashire constituency. Perhaps in the next Liberal Government Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt will become a colleague of his father's former colleagues.

#### *The Colonial Secretary.*

Mr. Lyttelton, who has been so much in evidence during the controversy about Chinese labour in the Transvaal, is not the least clever of a large and brilliant family, which includes Sir Neville Lyttelton, recently appointed one of the Military Members of the new Army Council. He is a man of singular personal charm, and he has the knack of succeeding in whatever he undertakes. There never was such an all-round athlete; cricket, football, racquets, tennis, running, golf—nothing seemed to come amiss to this long, lean, wiry Etonian. Mr. Lyttelton's marriage to Miss Edith Sophy Balfour was one of the important events of the politically eventful year of 1892. They live in a lovely old house in Great College Street, Westminster, chosen by Mrs. Lyttelton herself because it is the scene of Besant's novel, "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," and they are near neighbours of the Secretary for War and Mrs. Arnold-Forster, who have taken the house almost opposite which was long tenanted by Lord and Lady Portsmouth.



THE PASSING OF THE LYCEUM: BUYERS AND ONLOOKERS AT THE SALE OF RELICS ON MARCH 1

(SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")

*Photograph by Bulbeck, Strand.*

THE FORTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MAJESTIES' WEDDING

(MARCH 10).



THE KING AND QUEEN IN THEIR WEDDING-ROBES.



THE QUEEN'S BRIDESMAIDS.

LADY VICTORIA SCOTT, LADY VICTORIA HOWARD, LADY AGNETA YORKE, LADY FEODORE WELLESLEY, LADY DIANA BEAUCIERK, LADY GEORGINA HAMILTON, LADY ELMA BRUCE,  
AND LADY ELEANOR HARE.

*Copyright Photographs by the Press Picture Agency.*

### *A Forthcoming Royal Wedding.*

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland and the Princess Victoria, who is engaged to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, have arrived at Cannes by special train from Genoa. A few minutes afterwards, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg reached Cannes from the opposite direction, having come by way of Marseilles from Schwerin. The Mayor of Cannes welcomed the Royal party at the station in the name of the town, and among those to greet the engaged couple at the station were the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess George of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The marriage will take place very shortly at Cannes.

### *The Heir of the Hamiltons.*

The birth of a son and heir to the Marquis of Hamilton, M.P., Treasurer of the Household, has caused much joy in the great and powerful clan of Hamilton. This is not the Duke of Abercorn's first grandson, for his daughter, the lovely Countess of Wicklow, has a little boy, Lord Clonmore, born in 1902; but, of course, the new arrival, being the future Duke, is more important than his cousin. That wonderful old lady, the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, the châtelaine of Coates Castle, who is ninety-two, will now have the happiness of seeing her first great-grandson in the male line. The baby will probably have the courtesy title of Viscount Strabane, and he will some day become one of the few Peers—there are now only three, namely, the Duke of Abercorn, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Earl of Verulam—who hold Peerages of both Scotland and Ireland as well as of England. The Marchioness of Hamilton is a daughter of Lord Lucan, and, as Lady Rosalind Bingham, was celebrated both in London and Dublin Society for her magnificent dark Irish beauty. Lord and Lady Hamilton have three little girls, the eldest of whom was given the curious name of Rhodesia, no doubt to commemorate her grandfather's connection with the British South Africa Company and Mr. Rhodes.

### *The Mistress of Bocket Hall.*

Lady Mount Stephen, the gracious and charming mistress of Bocket Hall, where Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck spent their honeymoon, is her famous husband's second wife, and she was before her marriage Miss Gian Tufnell, the daughter of a distinguished naval officer. Lady Mount Stephen has more than once entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales at Bocket Hall, and she is honoured with the friendship of our future Queen, who also has a high regard for the grand old Canadian statesman who some two years ago presented King Edward's Hospital Fund with so munificent an endowment. Lady Mount Stephen presides as mistress over three great establishments, of which, perhaps, the most picturesque is



LADY MOUNT STEPHEN, WIFE OF THE GREAT CANADIAN STATESMAN.

*Photograph by the Cameron Studio.*

"Grand Metis," near Quebec. She takes the greatest interest in all her husband's philanthropic schemes, and is associated with several of the charities in the organisation of which the Princess of Wales has a practical part.

### *The Countess of Clonmell.*

The beautiful Countess of Clonmell was one of two charming actresses who became British Peeresses in the first year of the new century. She was Miss Rachel Berridge, and, as has been nearly always the case with those ladies who have exchanged the stage for the Peeresses'



THE COUNTESS OF CLONMELL, A POPULAR IRISH PEERESS.

*Photograph by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.*

Gallery in the House of Lords, she has shown herself admirably fitted to assume the duties, as well as to enjoy the pleasures, of her new position. Lord and Lady Clonmell's Irish home is not near the famous old town which resisted so bravely Cromwell and his Ironsides and from which the Irish Peer takes his title; their seat is close to Straffan, and is not far from the wonderful water-fall on the Liffey which so many tourists go to see, while it is also within easy distance of Punchestown. Lord Clonmell also owns Eathorpe Hall, near Leamington, but he and his wife are both devoted to Ireland, and they have given their baby daughter the two typical Irish names of Moira and Norah.

*The Risks of War.* The introduction of rifles of greater precision has lessened the percentage of men hit in proportion to the number of shots fired, because firing, as a rule, now begins at a far longer range, and the troops are taught to take advantage of cover. In the Franco-German War one bullet in four hundred was mortal, but in the Boer War the proportion was only one to seven hundred and forty. The total loss also is less. In 1870 the French losses were twenty per cent., but in the Boer War the English lost only five per cent. and the Boers six and a-half per cent. At Waterloo the Allies lost twenty-two per cent. and the French twenty-four, the average losses in the great battles of the last century being put down at fifteen per cent. for the victors and twenty-seven per cent. for the vanquished. In the eighteenth century the losses were much higher, the defeated, of course, always losing more than the winners.

### *The Son of Marie Louise.*

M. Germain Bapst has just published an interesting story of the Battle of Solferino. At the height of the battle, the French General de Ladmirault was badly wounded, but he continued to lead his men, and, supported by one of his Staff, entered an enclosure in which were some of the Austrians. Among them was an Austrian General, and Ladmirault called out to his men to take him alive. But the Austrian saluted the French General, and, calling out "Pas encore, mon Général; au revoir," vaulted over the wall and disappeared. Five-and-twenty years afterwards—that is to say, in 1884—at a Court Ball in Vienna, an Austrian General asked the French Military Attaché how General Ladmirault was, and was told that he was very well and was Governor of Paris. "Ah," said the Austrian, "I met him at Solferino; he wanted to take me prisoner." The Austrian General was the Count of Monte-Nuovo, the son of the Empress Marie Louise, widow of Napoleon I., by her second husband, Count de Niepperg. The Count of Monte-Nuovo was thus the step-son of Napoleon I., and the French Army was commanded by Napoleon III., the nephew of the great Emperor.



## Small Talk on the Boulevards.

THE woman of the household, as the charwoman of Paris is daintily yclept, has just suggested poultices, a mustard-bath, and tallow for my nose (writes our Correspondent). The fire is purring with the self-contented purr of one who knows that it will not be permitted to go out till the weather mends,

the snow lies thick outside, and more of it, driven by a cutting wind, is sweeping laterally across the window-panes. Spring has begun. No, do not be alarmed. I have no intention of breaking into verse and celebrating spring in modern fashion. The comic poem on spring's glories, in which the "leaflet's tender green" is made to rhyme with "vaseline," "breeze" rhymes with "sneeze," and "wish you" with "a-tishoo," has become as great an infliction as the older kind when spring was spring and poets insisted upon ecstasising over the annual fact that lambllets skipped in the green fields without a fear of influenza or rheumatic-gout. Spring has begun, I said. It has begun in Paris, as all seasons begin here, by rule of red-tape. Upon the 1st of March, in fearful weather, it was officially announced that the post-offices of the metropolis would open at seven in the morning instead of eight o'clock. The early opening of the post-office compares, perhaps, a trifle unpoetically with the opening of the early primrose, but each of them means spring in Paris.

*Signs of Spring.* The public gardens of the capital, the squares, and other open-air delights which, in cold weather (you will, please, imagine a finely sculpted upper-lip curling in bitter irony), close their gates at six o'clock, are now deserted for two hours longer and keep their gates a-yawn till eight, and yesterday I saw five open cabs upon the Quai du Carrousel. There is, however, one saving clause in the annual ukase of His Majesty Red Tape. The Paris cemeteries, now that the spring is with us, are open for burials till six o'clock instead of five p.m.; and, if this sort of spring is going to last any considerable time, they will have to keep them open longer still, I fancy.

*Letter-boxes.* And mention of the post-offices naturally leads me to mention of the new invention by which the theft of letters is to be prevented in the Ville Lumière in future. It is a very simple invention. You have to lift the letter-box's flap to put your letter in, and a bell rings when you do so. When a thief comes along to get letters out, with ingenuity and cunning contrivances of curved wire, he has to hold the flap open, and the bell rings continuously. I must confess that, beyond serving the newspapers with a paragraph on a subject having nothing to do with the War in the Far East, this new invention seems to me peculiarly unnecessary. I should have thought that the few letters which get posted in Paris letter-boxes were perfectly safe, for, where the Paris letter-box is not in a post-office, it is almost impossible to find it. You can see a London letter-box—you can't help seeing it, for, as the Vicomte says, it looks just like a red policeman—but here in Paris the non-Parisian wanders around trying to slip his correspondence into fire-alarms, the sand-boxes which the "S. P. C. A." has put up at each street-corner,

and various other places, unwitting that the real letter-boxes are hidden upon lamp-posts, tucked into snug corners of the tobacco-shops, and generally dotted about so unobtrusively and in such unexpected nooks that trying to locate one is painfully like hunting for a hidden treasure. I fancy that the Paris postmen themselves forget where the boxes are sometimes. These receptacles all bear little plates saying when the next clearance is, and it is not unusual at mid-day to see that the next clearance is at three a.m.

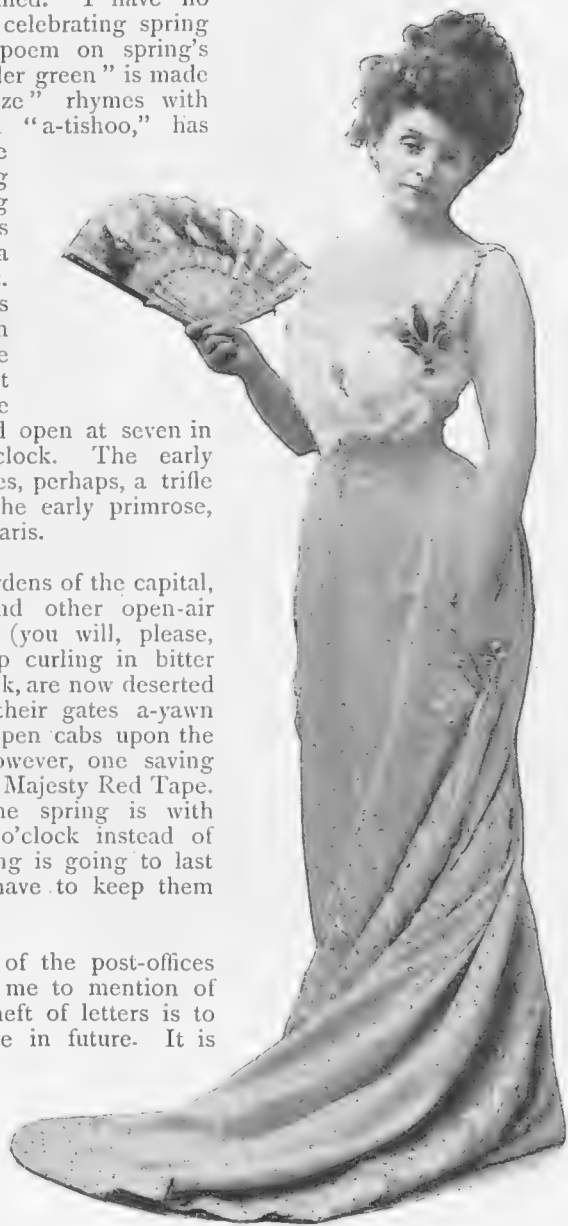
### *M. Feydeau's New Play.*

I am wondering what British playgoers will say to "La Main Passe," by M. Georges Feydeau, when, as it surely will be, it is presented to them in an English dress. The latest play by the author of "La Dame de chez Maxim" will need considerable dressing for an English audience, I should fancy, for even here in Paris, where Dame Grundy looks at things theatrical unseeingly, "La Main Passe" has made people gasp a little. Of course, there are side-splitting situations; of course, there is a bedroom in the second Act; and, equally of course, there is a phonograph. No farce since M. Bisson's "Contrôleur des Wagons-lits," which London knew as "On and Off," is judged complete without a phonograph. But there are other funny things.

There is a gentleman who has married an American wife, and done so much business with the United States that his "Little Mary" has become acclimatised to a large number of whiskies every afternoon. His head, unfortunately, remains Parisian, which causes him to enter the wrong flat, and owlishly observe: "It's absolutely marvellous. I live on the fifth floor, I've only been up one short flight of stairs, and here I am . . . at home in my own flat." Of course, he isn't in his own flat, although he makes himself so much at home as to throw necessary portions of the flat-owner's attire into the street, which action causes two divorces and a re-shuffle. "La Main Passe" is a play of the class which is better left to the imagination, but it is the success of the moment here in Paris, and I feel quite safe in predicting a run of at least a year for it.

### *Boulevard Sébastopol Fire.*

"Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen," as Mr. Thomas Gray informs us, but, though, apparently, a good many Parisians have taken considerable pains "the struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide" with reference to their services at the fire at the celluloid warehouse on the Boulevard Sébastopol, they have done so unblushingly and not for quite unmercenary reasons. There were five people saved from the burning warehouse, and, up to date, the Prefect of Police has received thirty-one claims for rewards of courage in the saving of them. Sixteen brave private citizens claim to have saved the life of one lady who, by her own account, escaped without any assistance. A youthful hero of fifteen asks for reward for having, as he declares, salvaged the furniture of a whole dining-room, and there are five claimants for the honour of having caught Mlle. Fossetti in their arms when she jumped from the fourth-floor window. After the horrors of the Bazar de la Charité fire, the Paris Press made loud complaint as to the violet-like qualities of those who, at the risk of their own lives, had saved a number of defenceless women and would not give their names to an admiring public. This time the crop of heroes is a little too large for results, and M. Lépine does not care to strike an average.



MADAME RÉJANE: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Taken by Nadar, Paris.

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

MY morning paper tells me that by the end of the month the Panama Canal will belong to the United States. The Republic of Panama will get two millions in hard cash—quite enough, I venture to suggest, to buy up three such Republics—and the Company will get eight millions, which, considering the value of the undertaking, say, five years ago, must be deemed a very handsome price. Ten millions is very little for a country so wealthy as the United States, and in these days, when rapid travel is so necessary and no cure for sea-sickness has been discovered, mankind must be well

pleased to avoid the long and disturbing journey that involves the passing of Cape Horn. But I am more concerned with the splendid bluff of our American cousins than with any other aspect of the case. Such a lordly, audacious piece of land-grabbing is without parallel in the annals of history—in the United States. Of course, we could show some Imperial parallels, but we have always been called upon to endure a large amount of abuse from the rest of a jealous civilised world. In this instance, Europe has looked on in amazement at the American diplomatic methods, and little Colombia, though she has been shrieking at the top of her voice, is a long way off and can only shriek in Spanish.

I was interested to read that one of the Members of Parliament had asked a question in the House of Commons about the treatment of the performing elephants at the Hippodrome. As a matter of fact, these animals are particularly well cared for, but I am reminded in this connection of a little circus-story. The gentleman who ran the circus advertised as a special attraction that a lion and a lamb might be seen in the same cage. "It's such a happy family," he said, "that we are able to anticipate the Scriptures." "The lion looks very comfortable," said a friend, after seeing the cage where the ill-matched pair were placed, "but what about the lamb?" "The lamb is as happy as possible," said the showman, and then added, with a burst of confidence, "Of course, it has to be renewed fairly often."

The Italian legal authorities have decided to admit women to the Bar. They are following the example of France, where, in dealing with the most susceptible Juries in the world, you may now have a lady to plead your cause. This Italian development should encourage lady barristers in England to persevere, and to be prepared against the day when some Lord Chancellor, remembering that his mother, sisters,

and wife are all women, decides to give the weaker sex a chance. The present Chancellor will not admit women to the Bar, and certain busybodies, hailing from Glasgow originally, I believe, are doing their best to keep women from even remaining behind it.

If I look forward to the era of complete feminine emancipation and scan my daily paper eagerly for signs of the times, I do not pretend that I am quite free from selfishness in the matter. The most charming aspect of the business, as I see it, is the possibility that women may take the place of men for a generation or two, and give the nobler sex a well-earned rest. If I were a married man, I would be well content for my wife to devote herself to a good business or profession, provided she had the necessary qualifications. It would suit me well enough to dress two or three times a-day, spend an hour in the nursery, go for a drive, pay a few afternoon-calls, and be ready to receive my wife with a smiling face and a story of the baby's latest intelligence or the cook's mental breakdown, when she came from the City. And when, after dinner, she took me to the play and treated me to supper afterwards, I would reward her by asking, with an interest more or less affected, how business had been during the day. When I see how Lord Chancellors and Presidents of Medical Colleges are postponing these pleasant days while "Time is slipping underneath our feet," I feel very angry with them, and say with Falstaff, "Down with them . . . they hate us youth!"

I see that St. Petersburg, rising to the full height of a great and serious occasion in Russian history, is resolving its social self into a series of Societies for the amelioration of the condition of the Czar's soldiers and sailors. The idea is excellent, but still another Society remains to be established. It should be started forthwith, and

seek to save responsible people from the penalty of having their foolish remarks printed. The Russian officers are going to their work seriously and with determination, and so one regrets to read the record of their indiscreet sayings. There have been several of these foolish utterances telegraphed from St. Petersburg, the most foolish being credited to General Kuropatkin. He is alleged to have stated that steps had been taken to ensure that no Japanese soldier who set foot in Manchuria should ever return to Japan. One feels sure that the distinguished pupil of Skobelev never made a remark so obviously open to an interpretation no Russian would care to put upon it.



[*"The evidence of literature and biography is by no means unfavourable to marriage between a young man and an older woman."*—DAILY MAIL.]

"YOU'D ORTER BE ASHAMED OF YERSELF, 'LIZA SMITH, MAKIN' UP TO MY LITTLE BRUVVER LIKE THAT!"

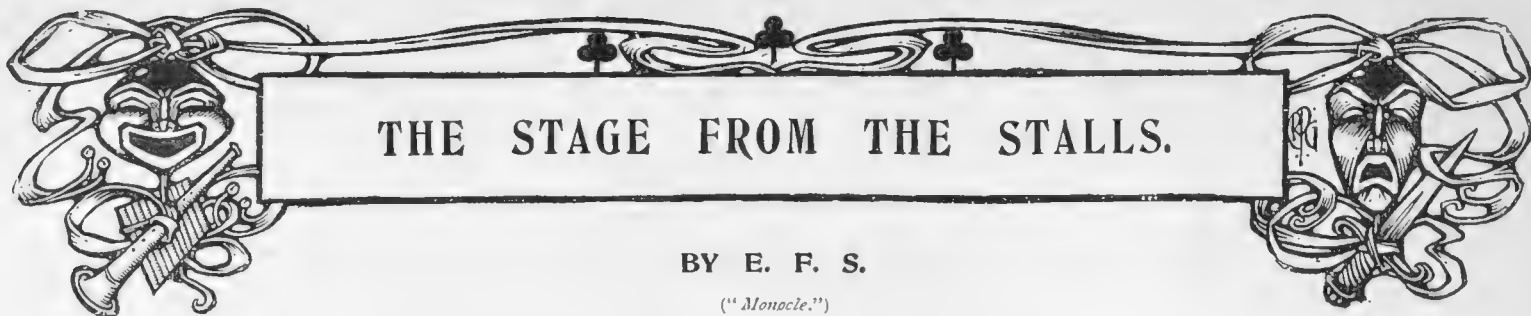
"GARN, OLD-FASHIONED! W'Y DON'T YER READ THE PAPER?"

"GREAT RUSSIAN VICTORY AT PORT ARTHUR."

—ST. PETERSBURG PAPER.



MR. RENÉ BULL, OUR INTREPID WAR-ARTIST (IN LONDON), EVADES THE PRESS CENSOR.



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"FERRÉOL"—"HANNELE"—"WHEN A MAN MARRIES."

THE Sardou play given at an experimental *matinée* by Mr. Herbert Dansey was, I think, more interesting to the critics than to the other people present at the Royalty. The play, entirely unknown in England, is not exactly an early work; indeed, the author had written some of his most popular pieces ere it appeared, and two that preceded it, "Pattes de Mouches" and "Nos Intimes," have been very successful in England. At the same time, it is noteworthy for its exhibition of the method which for a while placed the author at the top of the tree. It may be that, if re-written and more judiciously acted, "Ferréol" would still enjoy success by reason of the strength of the plot. For it is essentially a plot play, and such works age easily. Moreover, a fault that I have lately been referring to was conspicuous in the presentation—this is the fact that the players proved to be peculiarly incapable, with one exception, of suggesting French folk.

Now, when one has puppets instead of characters, and they are labelled with French names, and their acts and speeches are un-English, a disastrous air of unreality is produced if in costume, manners, and deportment they are strongly Britannic. I do not refer to mispronunciation of French words, for that, no doubt, is inevitable, but to the fact that the people were not dressed as the French dress and had the stiffness of *déménagement* constantly thrown at our heads by foreigners. "Ferréol" passes at Aix, and there is implicit evidence that the Aix is the Aix in Provence where are remains of the Roman Baths and the people have the violence of gesture and gustiness of speech of the *Méridional*. It may be asking too much of our players to pretend to distinguish between Southern French and the Normans or Picards, but, at least, they ought to make some effort to remember that our neighbours are really different from ourselves so far as gesture and mode of speech are concerned. In the present case, a curious stroke of ill-luck intensified the evil. Mr. Dansey, who played the chief part, apparently is a foreigner—an Italian, I fancy; he spoke English with remarkable skill, but the foreign accent was undeniable, and he acted like a foreigner; possibly he over-acted a little, particularly during moments of silence, when I confess that the thought of a petrol motor-car during a pause on its journey came into my mind. The consequence was that the English players seemed abnormally frigid, and he, though representing a people of a race supposed to be presented by the other players, appeared to be a foreigner amongst them. His qualification proved to be a disadvantage. Despite his power of expressing emotion and technical knowledge, it is doubtful whether Mr. Dansey will be accepted by English playgoers as an English actor in emotional parts, though for such characters as the Frenchman which poor Arthur Dacre played admirably in "Impulse" he should prove very valuable.

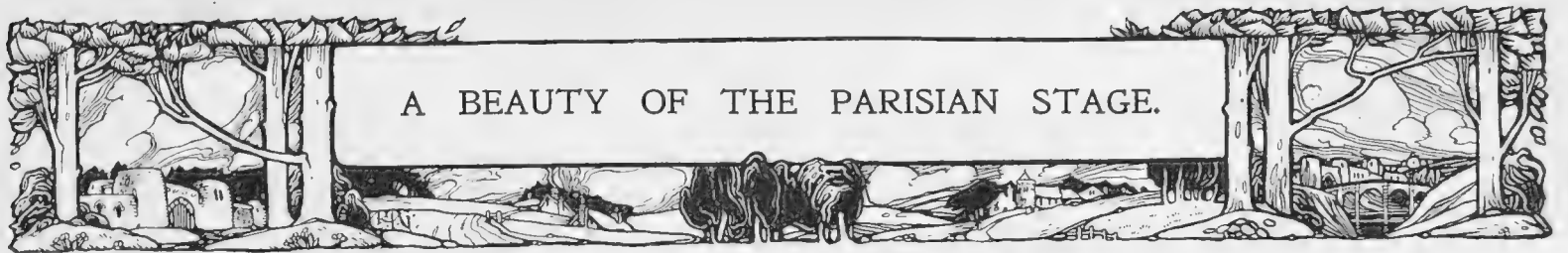
The subject of "Ferréol" provides material for effective drama, and the last Act contains a very clever cross-examination scene; it was rather curious to find Mr. and Mrs. Bouchier present at a play dealing to some extent with the French investigating method that constitutes the backbone of their present successful production. The story concerns the wife of the President of a Court of Justice, who had a foolish flirtation with Ferréol de Meyrac, and gave him an assignation which might have proved disastrous but for the sudden illness of her child. He, yielding to her prayers, endeavoured to leave her home, and whilst stealing out saw a murder committed, and the murderer saw him where he ought not to have been. An innocent man is accused and tried. What is Ferréol to do? Is he to save the innocent man and compromise the still virtuous wife of the President? What is she to do? Is she to urge Ferréol to come forward and ruin her life, dishonour her husband, and injure her child. There is a pretty problem for "Vanity Fair." M. Sardou shows prodigious ingenuity. He causes the innocent man to be convicted, then the real murderer is discovered without disclosure of Ferréol's secret, and one would think that the play might have ended in a conspiracy of silence; but, after using all his ingenuity in bringing out the murder without exposing the secret, the author causes the President to find out the whole truth and forgive his wife. Very artificial, quite thrilling at times, and severely injured by the comic relief, might be the verdict. In speaking of the comic relief, it is only fair to add that Mr. Lennox Pawle, to whom it was entrusted, caused a great deal of laughter as a French Juryman, but he was flagrantly out of the picture and as intensely British as the bun and sandwiches which formed his chief elements of humour.

The proposition often advanced in these columns, that too much money is spent on stage-productions, does not apply to the German Theatre presentation of Hauptmann's much-discussed dream-drama, "Hannele." The piece demands an expenditure of time and money not to be expected under the circumstances of production, and suffered seriously from lack of them. Angels with crumple and obviously inadequate wings destroy the illusion of the most ardent make-believer, and injudicious or unskilful use of limelight and the sound of a "click" when it is turned on and off is sadly disturbing. After reading the play with pleasure and forming my own mind's-eye version of the supernatural beings that appear in Hannele's dream, I hoped that, by some miracle of stagecraft, the difficulty of avoiding comic effects might be overcome; but the miracle did not happen, and efforts to suppress a smile kept back the necessary sympathy. It is useless to enumerate the fatal trifles that destroyed conviction. Meanwhile, the question arises whether the subject which involves stage-presentation of Christ comes within the permissible. There may be works where the question is worth fighting over. "Hannele" seems too unimportant, for it is not a great work from any point of view, nor can even the defence be put forward that it teaches any lesson. It shocks, but does not educate.

Experience teaches little to some people, otherwise Mr. Murray Carson would not have presented "When a Man Marries" in a half-finished state. An experimental *matinée* can hardly be treated, like the first-night of a musical comedy, as a trial upon the dog. The observer may have noted that buried under a burden of dialogue there lay a charming comedy, but you must not ask the unprofessional playgoer to do any of your work for you. Clearly Mr. Carson and Miss Keith should have spent many hours more cutting down the dialogue, eliminating the too-gushing phrases and the pretty soliloquies, and bringing into harmony what is now a combination of farce and comedy. Had they done this, then, judging by several of the scenes, and taking the freshness of idea into account, I believe we should have spent a delightful afternoon at Wyndham's.

Experience might also have told Mr. Carson how unwise it is for an actor in a serious part to appear in a kilt as a modern man. It may be that in real life his Lord Blayre would have constantly worn kilt and sporran and bare knees on his native heath, but to us Cockneys there is something laughable about the costume, particularly when the upper-works are such as Cockneys wear. The garb may be all right when many are wearing it, but a single character, particularly when he has a swarthy Southern type like Mr. Carson, tends to cause dangerous amusement. Moreover, where was the Scots accent? I know "accent" is a dangerous term for a Cockney writer to use, since it is universally admitted (by the Scotch) that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh, and also generally recognised (by the Irish) that Dublin has a better claim, and also not denied (by the Welsh) that Swansea has priority; whilst, of course, no one (in America) controverts the pretension of Boston to teach us our tongue. Still, when we see our character in his Hieland "togs," we do expect a breeze of the purer English than we are accustomed to in our polyglot Metropolis, and we did not get it. It may and must be said that, despite the ability of his acting, we did not take Mr. Carson quite seriously, and yet he played the best passages admirably.

Is it wise for a man to agree to warn his wife if at any time he feels the beginning of a preference for another woman? That is the question of the play, and it is answered affirmatively. One can imagine an entertaining farce based on the conduct of an impressionable but conscientious husband who has made such a compact. By-the-bye, a sacred tradition of the stage was broken in relation to this compact, for we know that on the stage, when people enter into compact, it is merely to give the author an excuse for causing them to act absurdly. In this case, the husband did not act absurdly, though, indeed, it was absurd to suppose that he could have preferred anyone to his wife, who, as represented with great ability by Miss Esmé Beringer, was irresistibly beautiful and charming. It may be admitted that Miss Mackinlay, as the seventeen-year-old girl from a French school, was a dangerous little rogue—and as unlike a French schoolgirl as a tinned sardine is unlike a wild rabbit. For Miss Mackinlay was quite remarkably clever as the unscrupulous flirt possessed of great natural gifts for the deadly game of philandering. Moreover, Mr. George Silver played with abundance of easy humour as the schoolgirl's illicit sweetheart.



MDLLE. JEANNE DELVAIR,  
A YOUNG FRENCH ACTRESS WHO HAS RECENTLY BECOME FAMOUS.

*Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.*

## MINE-LAYING AND MINE-DESTROYING.

By HERBERT C. FYFE.

SUBMARINE WARFARE, as exemplified by the mine and the torpedo, has already played a great part in the naval drama now being enacted in the Far East. The attacks on Russian vessels at Port Arthur by the Japanese Mosquito Fleet, resulting in the torpedoing of several ships, demonstrate the terrible potentialities of



BRINGING GUN-COTTON FROM THE STORE-ROOM

Photograph by C. Cozens, Southsea.

torpedo-craft if skilfully handled (and the Japs have little or nothing to learn in this respect) and the deadly character of the modern Whitehead automobile fish-torpedo.

Then, again, the accidental sinking of the Russian "mining transport" *Fenissei*, two officers and ninety men being killed, by the explosion of a submarine-mine whilst she was engaged in laying mines herself in Port Arthur, serves as a striking illustration of the dangers, both to friend and foe, of this modern method of naval warfare.

There is a great deal of mystery about this incident. Mines are of two classes: (1) Self-acting, or contact, (2) controlled, or observation. The *Fenissei* ought to have been laying controlled mines, for contact mines, which go off if a ship touches them, would be equally harmful to Russian as to Japanese vessels. Possibly a "live" mine got mixed up with some controlled mines and so blew up the luckless *Fenissei*.

H.M.S. *Vernon* is the Torpedo School of the Royal Navy, and here officers and men go through courses of study in torpedoes and mines, in the mechanism and management of submarine-boats, in electricity as used on shipboard, in wireless telegraphy, and a host of other scientific subjects.

The school consists of two old hulks moored in Portsmouth Harbour, while H.M.S. *Excellent*, the famous Gunnery School, now presided over by Captain John Scott, is situated on Whale Island.

Mining—namely, the laying of submarine mines for the defence of our coasts in time of war—would be carried out, for the most part, by the Submarine Mining Companies of the corps of Royal Engineers, which are stationed all over the world. Should we, however, wish to lay mines across a harbour to prevent the egress or ingress of the enemy's fleet, this work would be accomplished by the mining experts in the Royal Navy.

Mines which go off directly a ship's hull touches them are of two kinds: (1) mechanical, and (2) electrical. Controlled mines are divided into: (1) electro-contact, and (2) observation. The explosive charge consists of gun-cotton sufficient to disable utterly, if not sink, any vessel coming within their range.

Controlled mines are manipulated by an observer on shore, who can allow friendly ships to pass over them in safety, but can destroy hostile vessels. Circumstances occur, of course, in which each kind of mine would have its own particular use.

Counter-mining, or mine-destroying, would be carried out in war-time by sailors. There are three different ways in which a mine-field may be destroyed: (1) counter-mining, (2) sweeping, (3) creeping. Counter-mines are mines which are exploded in the

neighbourhood of the enemy's mines in order to destroy them, and counter-mining is the operation of laying such mines.

Counter-mines are carried either on a special counter-mining launch or on an ordinary launch; as a rule, twelve five-hundred-pound mines, similar to observation-mines, together with the buoys, &c., are loaded on the launch, which is taken in tow by a tug or gunboat, one of the firing-batteries being placed on the towing-steamer, and the other on board ship in a towed battery-boat. As the men engaged in laying counter-mines in time of war will be exposed to the enemy's fire, it is essential that the work shall be carried out with the greatest celerity.

The sailors undergoing instruction on H.M.S. *Vernon* are very frequently drilled in mine-destroying, and the evolution is a very interesting one to watch. So perfect is the practice in every detail that one feels assured that, when called upon to undertake the task of destroying the mines laid by a real enemy, the "handy men" who have learnt their lessons well on the *Vernon* will do what is required of them in the most efficient manner possible.

Thanks to the automatic method of heaving the mines overboard, there is no necessity for anyone to be on board the launch itself; the first buoy is dropped by a hauling-line from the towing-vessel, and the mines follow it in rapid succession. When all are laid, the tug-boat hoists a red flag in daytime and a rocket at night; the firing-batteries are then connected, while the firing-key is pressed simultaneously at the firing-batteries, and the mines of the enemy are at once exploded. The method of mine-destroying known as "sweeping" would not be carried out under the enemy's fire, but might be resorted to after the conclusion of hostilities, in order to clear any mine-field likely to injure the conquering fleet.

For sweeping, the men of the *Vernon* employ two boats which tow the "sweep," a contrivance composed of twenty fathoms of two-inch "rounding," with charges of gun-cotton at each end, and fitted with irons to catch the mooring-ropes of mines. When a "sweep" reveals the presence of a mine, the boats retire to a safe distance and fire the charge. A fresh supply of explosive is then fitted into the "sweep," and the boats proceed as before.

The object of "creeping" is to cut or explode the cables connecting the mines with the firing-stations and to destroy the multiple-junction wires. The usual method is to use two "creeps," an explosive grapnel and an Admiralty-pattern "creep." The former consists of a charge of about two and a-quarter pounds of gun-cotton contained



PLACING DUMMY MINES IN BOAT.

Photograph by C. Cozens, Southsea.

in a primer-tin and fitted with detonators. This charge is surrounded by three large steel hooks, turned outwards, and fixed to the grapnel and charge is a stout rope with a single insulated cable carefully stripped along it. One end of the cable is taken to the battery in the boat and the other end to one of the detonators in the charge, the other detonator being connected to a wire and earth-plate.

ON BOARD H.M.S. "VERNON,"  
THE TORPEDO SCHOOL OF THE BRITISH NAVY.



FITTING AN ELECTRO-CONTACT MINE: THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE CONSISTS OF GUN-COTTON SUFFICIENT TO DISABLE UTTERLY ANY VESSEL COMING INTO CONTACT WITH THE MINE.



THE SENIOR LECTURE-ROOM ON H.M.S. "VERNON," SHOWING MODEL MINES IN TANK.

*Photographs by C. Cozens, Southsea.*



## "THE LITTLE BUNCH OF RUSHES."

BY NORA CHESSON.

"The Little Bunch of Rushes"—the tune  
rose wild and sweet;  
"The Little Bunch of Rushes" ran wildfire  
through my feet;  
When I and Terence stepped to it, we  
danced the others down,  
Though one was Larry Brady, the pick of  
Sligo town.

"The Little Bunch of Rushes"—oh! but to  
hear a note,  
The fingers of old sorrow they take me  
by the throat,  
And year on year slips back on me like  
dust-clouds in a whirl,  
Till my eyes are clear of weeping and I'm  
again a girl.

"The Little Bunch of Rushes" is like a  
faery tune,  
My day is back at morning that stands at  
afternoon;  
My fingers feel the fingers of the lad I  
never wed,  
And I and Terence dance again—I old and  
Terence dead.

"The Little Bunch of Rushes," I hear it  
in my sleep,  
And when my wheel is turning, for I've  
no time to weep.  
A sickly man I married—with Terence in  
the clay—  
With ne'er a mind for dancing e'en on  
his wedding-day.

"The Little Bunch of Rushes," when in  
my shroud I lie,  
They'll surely play beside me for the sake  
of times gone by,  
When I was the light dancer and Terence  
dancing too.  
Och, "The Little Bunch of Rushes" put  
my heart beneath his shoe!

R. Gossop

*Mafficking in Japan.* \* *Drawn by Oscar Wilson.*



## THE ROYAL PALACES OF RUSSIA.

THOUGH St. Petersburg is nominally the capital and serves its purpose in being "a window through which the Russians can look into civilised Europe," beyond it Russia has remained more Oriental than European, and the true capital is "White Mother Moscow," as the moujik affectionately styles the venerable city.

What the Acropolis was to Athens and the Capitol to Rome, the Kremlin is to Moscow, and, to find a parallel for it in England, it has been suggested that one should try and imagine Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, and Windsor Castle within one wall. For the Kremlin is a city within a city, and its walls, which measure 7280 feet, enclose three cathedrals, seven churches, a convent, a monastery, three Imperial Palaces, the Senate House, the Synodal buildings, and the Tower of Ivan the Terrible.

Owing to the curious Russian custom of constantly renewing with whitewash, paint, or gold even the most ancient and sacred of their buildings, the first glimpse of Moscow's snow-white walls, above which rise an efflorescence of bulbous cupolas, spires, pinnacles, and pyramids, coloured bright-blue or green, or gilt with gold, usually

of ornamentation which cost her subjects more than three million ducats. The interiors of the Palaces are still more magnificent; walls are encrusted with the rare lapis-lazuli, ebony floors are inlaid with floral designs in mother-of-pearl, ceilings are lined with amber, one room in the Kremlin shines with the purest gold, and everywhere precious marbles and exquisite mosaics are to be seen.

The splendour of the Russian jewels exceeds all powers of description; we know that Catherine the Great's Coronation-robe was so heavily laden with gems that it took twelve Chamberlains to support it. The Czar's throne, which belonged to the last Emperor of Constantinople, is of finest ivory studded with precious stones, and that of the Czarina contains twelve hundred and twenty-three rubies and eight hundred and seventy-six diamonds, besides pearls and turquoises.

Splendid fêtes are given in the Winter Palace during the Season, and one is almost weary of traversing the many gorgeous halls which lead to the State Ball-room, where the towering white marble pillars are mirrored by the polished floor, where a soft light is diffused by lamps concealed under the leaves of the tropical plants and ferns



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW: HERE THE CZARS RECEIVE THEIR CROWN "FROM GOD AND THE FATHERLAND" AND COME TO SPEAK AND ACT IN DECISIVE MOMENTS.

astounds the traveller who associates age with greyness and decay, though, at the same time, one cannot but feel attracted by the striking individuality of this city, which, scorning the conventions of modern Europe, glitters proudly in barbaric splendour and recalls the magic cities of whose wonders old Eastern legends tell. Within the Kremlin the Czars receive their crown "from God and the Fatherland," and here they come subsequently to speak and act in all the most decisive moments of their reigns. Hence it has occasioned wonder that Nicholas II. did not come to Moscow to proclaim the war with Japan.

The Russian Court is by far the richest in Europe, for the minimum revenue drawn by the Czar is estimated at £1,500,000, and the splendours of the numerous and colossal Palaces of Russia can scarcely be realised by the Western imagination. Besides the Grand Palace in the Kremlin, with its magnificent Throne Room, the Czar has twelve residences in or near St. Petersburg, including the Winter Palace, where six thousand people can be habited, one of the most spacious and striking homes of European Royalty, and the Hermitage, which contains one of the best art-collections in the world. At Peterhof there is a group of Royal residences and parks, one of which has gardens which rival the celebrated ones of Versailles; and at Tsarskoi-Selo, about twelve miles from St. Petersburg, there are several Palaces, on one of which Catherine the Great lavished wealth, decorating the façade with figures gilded with gold-leaf, a method

which rise around the walls from banks of mossy verdure, and, mingling with the sweet strains of the music, one hears the warbling of birds hanging in golden cages beneath lofty palm-trees.

The present reigning Sovereigns of Russia, however, have simple tastes, and the semi-barbaric splendour of the Royal residences has no attraction for them. Thus, even in the great Winter Palace, the private rooms belonging to the Czar and Czarina are simply decorated and furnished in the English style, the hangings being of pretty cretonne and the furniture of light oak.

The Czarina, like her mother, the late Princess Alice, would fain introduce into her foreign home the less ceremonious existence of her English relations, and, whenever State ceremonies do not ordain otherwise, the Royal pair are glad to retire to their secluded residence in the Peterhof Park, which is one of their favourite retreats, as the place is surrounded by a barrier of thick wood which none but a very favoured few are allowed to penetrate.

It is of interest at the present moment to note that, of all the thousands of wedding-gifts which she received, the Czarina has brought only three of these to Peterhof, and that two of these were presented by the Japanese. One is an enormous sea-eagle, larger than life, in beautifully carved ivory. The other gift is of equal artistic value, being a three-fold screen, representing a foam-flecked, stormy sea, wonderfully worked in grey and greenish-white silks.

INSIDE THE GRAND PALACE OF THE KREMLIN,  
THE MOST GORGEOUS ROYAL RESIDENCE IN THE WORLD.



THE THRONE ROOM, SHOWING THE THRONES OCCUPIED BY THE CZAR, CZARINA, AND THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE.



A SIMPLE GUEST-CHAMBER IN THE OLD PALACE.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ENGLISH travellers on the Continent invariably praise the get-up of the "Tauchnitz Library," but the shape has somehow never been naturalised in this country, although several attempts have been made to imitate it. I understand that Mr. Eveleigh Nash, who has shown himself a publisher of great spirit and intelligence, is preparing to issue a Tauchnitz Series of English novels, popular and copyright, which will be sold at a shilling net. This new departure is likely to be very successful.

Mr. James Payn has described the sufferings an author often endures from the candid critic on the hearth. It must be owned that the literary genius in a family is frequently regarded with impatience by non-literary sisters and brothers. There is thus something quaint and pleasing in the story of an American novelist, Miss Ellen Glasgow, who has three sisters devotedly interested in her work. When she was writing her last book, "The Deliverance," she allowed her sisters to read the chapters as they were finished. As the story developed, they became absorbed. They could scarcely wait from day to day to learn the progress of the novel. As the story grew, they camped outside Miss Glasgow's room, and when she came out, after a hard morning's work, there was a wild scramble for freshly written sheets.

A case interesting to authors was tried recently in the Westminster County Court. Mr. Farmer, author of a book entitled "Regimental Records," brought an action against Mr. Grant Richards, his publisher. The production was a financial failure, only two hundred and fourteen copies being sold out of a thousand copies published. After a lapse of over two years, the publisher, in the absence of any specific agreement to the contrary, disposed of the remaining copies at a shilling each, and paid the author five per cent. Mr. Farmer claimed that he

should receive a royalty of ten per cent. on those copies, as though they had been sold at the original price of half-a-guinea. Mr. Richards said that he had acted in the usual and recognised manner, and Mr. Heinemann gave evidence that it was a recognised custom in the trade to dispose of the remainder of a publication as soon as the sale ceased. Unlike Mr. Grant Richards, he never allowed a royalty of any kind on the proceeds of such a disposal. It was not prejudicial to an author to dispose of a book in this way, many well-known authors having suffered in the same manner. The Judge said that, as there was no specific clause in the agreement to debar the defendants from disposing of the remainders, he should enter judgment for the defendants, with costs. It was stated on behalf of the plaintiff that the Authors' Society might possibly take up an appeal. There are usually clauses in agreements which provide for the sale of remainders.

There is a welcome glimpse of Lady Byron in the "Letters from England, 1846-49," by Mrs. George Bancroft, now being published in *Scribner's Magazine*. Mrs. Bancroft visited Lady Byron at her house in Esher, Surrey, and found her a well-preserved widow of fifty-five years, with "a voice and manner of the most trembling refinement," but with a cultured and strong intellect, "almost masculine," which "betrays itself under such sweet and gentle but unobtrusive forms that one is only led to perceive it by slow degrees."

There are to be twenty-five or more illustrations in Herbert Spencer's Autobiography. Several are portraits of his parents and members of his family from his own drawings. There are also some plates drawn to accompany his article on Engineering, and pictures of his mechanical inventions, including an invalid's-chair. It will be remembered that Mr. Spencer wrote very impatiently about the clumsy contrivances of many articles of furniture.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. have removed to Dryden House, Soho. Mr. W. B. Wheatley, the well-known antiquarian, has written a little account of Dryden House and Gerrard Street, Soho. Dryden lived there from 1686 until his death in 1700 in Gerrard Street, but the house has been rebuilt by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., who have transferred to it their large stock, amounting to about a hundred tons in quire, as well as a very large number of bound books.

Some interesting personalia about Sir Leslie Stephen have been published by his friends. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who is exceptionally qualified to speak, gives Stephen the highest praise as a contributor. He had humour as his predominant characteristic in the days of his journalistic work, "humour with just enough bite in it at all times, and, for the rest, keen, buoyant, illuminating, and apparently as effortless as the springing of a fountain." "He was never more disappointing than coin of the realm. The sensation of the editor when he broke open an envelope and caught a glimpse of Stephen's neat, small handwriting, in the customary long lines, was as that of a man who spies a bright bank-note in a similar situation. The one regret was that he did not write often enough, and that he ceased to be a contributor so soon." Mr. Greenwood took his editorial duties very seriously, but probably he seldom found it necessary to revise Leslie Stephen's work.

Of mystifications about Poe there is no end. In the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. A. P. Wallace printed recently an unpublished poem by Edgar Allan Poe sent him from California about ten years ago, with this inscription: "Lines left by a wanderer at a wayside house in lieu of cash for board and lodging one night." Mr. Wallace thinks that the poem has all the best characteristics of Poe's style. But it is a parody by James Whitcomb Riley, who published it in an Indiana paper in 1878. The verses were widely copied throughout the United States at the time, and, finally, Riley disclosed the secret of the hoax and included the poem in a book which he published in 1894.

In a Southern quarterly magazine, the *Sewanee Review*, there is a careful discussion of the relations between Edgar Allan Poe and Thomas Holley Chivers. It has been contended that Poe imitated Chivers, and he certainly put a high value on the work of his friend, but it seems very unlikely that he owed much to him in the way of direct inspiration.—O. O.



T. C. C.

"THE POET'S EYE, IN A FINE FRENZY ROLLING."

## THREE NEW NOVELS.

## "RED MORN."

By MAX PEMBERTON.  
(Cassell, 6s.)

The fiction-reading public can always be sure of their Pemberton. Here is an author who has thoroughly mastered the technique of his craft, with the result that he is never tiresome or dull. Technique alone, however, will hardly bring an author to the fair haven of assured success. He must have imagination, humour, and a gift for observing and drawing character. All these are Mr. Pemberton's, and all of them are employed in his new novel, "Red Morn."

The story opens on an Atlantic liner, and we find the first-class passengers deeply interested in a tall, stooping, mysterious-looking man whom they have nicknamed "The Rogue." Jessie Golding, a wealthy American girl travelling to England to be married to a penniless Peer, gathers up her skirts to let the Rogue pass, but her clear eyes follow him steadfastly. As a matter of fact, the Rogue and Jessie have fallen in love with one another, and the situation gives rise to some dramatic and cleverly written scenes. The liner is wrecked in mid-ocean, and the Rogue, after doing everything possible for his fellow-passengers, secures a raft for Jessie and himself just as the ship is going down. Presently they are picked up by a drunken rascal named Captain Keen, who is in command of an ocean-tramp bought by the insurgents of Venezuela to run a cargo of arms to the Gulf of Para. "A little man, he had the manner and the strength of a great bully; and his horrible evil eye, his deformed left arm, and his fearful oaths obtained for him a mastery which mere physical superiority might never have achieved. . . . A fourth glass led him sometimes to insane outbreaks, when he would emerge from the chart-room with a great riding-whip in his hand, and, striding about the deck like a maniac, slash the crew right and left until blood showed beneath their shirts and they ran from him screaming." This playful personage, then, takes a fancy to Jessie, and is anxious to put an end to her protector. The Rogue, however, outwits him, and brings Miss Golding to England. They part at Liverpool, but the story does not end there. Adventures await them in London; surprises are in store; happiness comes with the last chapter.

The best scenes, in our opinion, are those on board the tramp-steamer. Mr. Pemberton has a thorough knowledge of life on the high seas, and he turns it to most excellent account. Among other attractions, by the way, the book gives a graphic description of the Martinique disaster as witnessed from the deck of a ship that almost perished in that fearful holocaust.

## "DAVID MARCH."

By J. S. FLETCHER.  
(Methuen, 6s.)

In introducing his latest novel, Mr. J. S. Fletcher shows both confidence and diffidence. Confident, he says: "This is one of those stories which all women and a good many men are fond of . . . the picture is of the true quality"; diffident, he pleads: "It is somewhat difficult to tell such a story in the language of to-day—to attempt it is like putting an old picture into a new frame," and asks that the reader may bring his imagination to bear upon the matter and endeavour to re-enter the scenes which the picture would present. On the whole, his confidence is justified, his diffidence unnecessary. With the problem-novel showing signs of revivification, it is refreshing to welcome the simple "story of love and romance, with some talk of great folk, and a spice of adventure"; the language

of to-day, after a surfeit of Wardour Street English, in no way lessens the effect of the narrative; the imagination is firmly yet lightly held. In likening his plot to an old picture, Mr. Fletcher is not forcing a simile—in truth, he might also have likened it to an old book. Most of the scenes he has chosen to depict have yielded opportunity to many a painter enamoured of the "silken dalliance" or the picturesque daring of the days of the second Charles; many of his characters are familiar to the novelist. Thus, we have the village smithy, with the handsome young smith casting love-glances at the lady whose horse he is shoeing, the poaching affray, the lover as pedlar, the arrest, the highway robbery, the trial before Judge Jeffreys, and other "subject-pictures"; thus, the hero of unknown parentage and apparently lowly station, in love at first sight with the daughter of a knight of the shire, and twin-brother to a gentleman of the road, a worldly and corpulent cleric, a gouty father, a Countess who has not always been *sans peur et sans reproche*, to say nothing of a beautiful and susceptible heroine, Sir Christopher Wren, Jeffreys, the King himself, and minor personages that have done duty for writers innumerable. That "David March" is none the worse reading for the fact is a strong argument in its favour.

## "JARWICK THE PRODIGAL."

By TOM GALLON.  
(Ward, Lock, 6s.)

After all, the villain's life really is the only life worth living. It may have its occasional discomforts of restraint and hemp, but there is a run for the money, and such wonderful days and nights, such restless motion, such chance encounters as poor law-abiding creatures cannot even imagine. It is well for their humdrum intelligences that such authors as the creator of "Jarwick the Prodigal" arise now and then to give them glimpses of a more excellent way, otherwise they must die of inanition. Figure to yourself a gentlemanly burglar, *stone-blind from his birth*, yet the highly educated, accomplished director of a gang of thieves. His associates are of the lowest, but his son, whom he brings up among them to the same honest profession, is also highly educated, and so perfectly well-bred that, on breaking jail, he can immediately be palmed off on a simple old gentleman as his long-lost son. This is only one of the hundreds of extraordinary incidents that crowd these pages. The young jail-bird escapes just in time to detect his gifted parent in a murder, and the ancient one at once shows how the guilt can be fixed on a frail youth who was likely to inherit what should have come to the long-lost son. The heir-presumptive being thus disposed of, the ex-convict is to walk in and inherit. He walks in, but he does not inherit, for he has some remnant of conscience and uses unheard-of strategy to outwit his sightless sire and clear the supposed murderer. How he does it is the story. An evening with the choice characters of this book is indeed a treat for a lifetime.

In the various changes that have recently been made in the newspaper world, none have been more effective, perhaps, than the promotion of Mr. J. Malcolm Fraser to the news-editorship of the *Daily Express*, on which paper he has been employed in various capacities since the commencement. Mr. Fraser, besides being a most active and highly trained journalist, is also an author of some repute, as witness the recent publication of "The Trail of the Dead," in which he collaborated with Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson.



MR. J. MALCOLM FRASER, NEWS-EDITOR OF THE  
"DAILY EXPRESS."

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

## THE HUMOURIST IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.



FIRST SPORTSMAN: I wonder at your staying out so long without a waterproof!

SECOND SPORTSMAN (*drearily*): My wife has arranged a Progressive Whist Party for this afternoon.

THE HUMOURIST IN THE STALLS.

DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.



"WILL YOU BE MY BUTTERFLY, MY LOVING LITTLE BUTTERFLY?"

*[A slight hitch during the dance owing to some of the butterflies becoming entangled.]*

## MOVEMENTS OF THE MONEY MARKET.

Recorded by JOHN HASSALL.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

THE Circular Gallery at Westlands looked ghostly in the flood of moon-light that, falling through long, stained-glass windows, made quaint arabesque patches of brightness at intervals on the polished floor, and cast deep, mysterious shadows in between. Here and there a lance glinted or a bit of chain-armour reflected the moon-rays with a pale gleam.

Paul Feveril, attracted by the chill quietness, paced up and down for some moments, until his steps brought him to the embrasure of the middle window.

"I wonder what has altered her?" he said, at last. "She has avoided me deliberately through the day, and to-night she disappears altogether. Has she changed her mind, and is it to be Weston after all? I wish I knew."

A light footstep on the winding stair at the far end drew his eyes there, and he saw a white, slim figure poised on the last stair, glancing uncertainly towards the row of silent, mail-clad figures on her right, each lurking in its own gloomy recess. An instant's hesitation, and then she caught up her satin skirt and ran fleetly towards him, starting as his voice arrested her.

"Why this unseemly haste, Miss North? One would think your motto was *Sauve qui peut*."

She gave a breathless little laugh. "I felt like a Saracen," she said, "with all the Crusaders at my heels. These Weston ancestors are so unfriendly at night. There is too much cold steel about them. What is everyone doing, Mr. Feveril?"

"We are playing Dumb Crambo," he said, gravely. "Bridge is prohibited until midnight. It is Lady Algitha's wish that we should cultivate a genial and childlike spirit of merriment in order to create the necessary atmosphere for to-morrow. The tenants, she says, are accustomed to a real old-fashioned Christmas."

"What is Dumb Crambo?" asked Veronica, abstractedly, her thoughts bent on escape from him.

"You surprise and pain me, Miss North," he answered, his eyes covertly reading her face. "It should have been the game of your childhood. All well regulated young persons have played Dumb Crambo in early youth. Let me expound to you. The audience chooses two words and tells one of them—say, for example, 'fuss'—to the actors, who have to act a rhyme to it in dumb-show until they hit on the correct one."

"It sounds rather funny," said Veronica.

"It is intended to be so. You should have seen Grierson collecting imaginary pennies and clipping imaginary tickets for a dozen of us seated in two rows. The word was 'bus'—he made an excellent conductor."

"Oh, Colonel Grierson is awfully good at acting!"

"He is good at playing the fool," said Feveril; "but as for acting—"

"You can give him points there and beat him, can't you, Mr. Feveril? I grant that; but, then, his is an acquired talent—yours is natural."

And she ran swiftly on to the little, curtained door that led into the drawing-room, disappearing in a halo of rosy light and a burst of laughter from within; while Paul Feveril looked after her with a perplexed frown.

"I wonder why?" he said again, as he followed her.

If he could have played the eavesdropper at the usual gossip *séance* in Lady Algitha Weston's boudoir the night before, he would have needed no further enlightenment.

"Paul Feveril does look depressed," said Mrs. Norman Sterry, with a lift of her eyelashes towards Veronica North. "He has not got over it, evidently."

"Does it take a week," questioned Bertred Weston, "to get over a *grande passion*?"

"A day, with most people," languidly answered Mrs. Sterry. "But, then, Paul is unusual. He loves with his brain as well as his—heart; and Mrs. Coppy is very intellectual."

"Is he Mrs. Coppinger's?" put in their hostess, carelessly. "I thought Mr. Feveril was unappropriated."



"My dear Lady Algitha, it's quite ancient history," drawled Mrs. Sterry. "She has gone abroad until May, and he is inconsolable. It is unlucky; he might, otherwise, marry money and retrieve his fallen fortunes."

"Perhaps he will," said Bertred, laughing mischievously.

"I dare say," Mrs. Sterry assented, with a yawn; "but the girl will have to be contented with a second-hand heart."

That was all. An idle tale, originating in jealousy, and without a grain of truth in it.

But Veronica, escaping from the poison of their tongues, with a catch in her breath,

realised suddenly what this week of companionship with Paul Feveril had been to her, and decided that she would be neither a consolation nor an investment.

And this she had been carefully demonstrating to him during the day, emphasising it by accepting the attentions Alwyn Weston was always ready to pay her.

So the pretty little castle of cards they had been building together during this Christmas visit had tumbled about their ears with one malicious breath from Mrs. Sterry!

"Come and help us, Mr. Feveril," said Bertred Weston, as he rejoined them. "We want a word to rhyme with 'light.' 'Sight,' 'might,' 'tight'—"

"'Knight,'" he suggested.

"Yes, that will do. Someone must dress up in armour and bid farewell to his lady fair, who can tie her badge on his arm. Veronica, you must be the damsel. You are in the right sort of dress."

"I'll be the knight," exclaimed Alwyn, leading the way to the hall. "Here, lend us a hand with this cuirass! I don't know what size those beggars could have been," he remarked, discontentedly, after a frantic struggle. "The blooming thing won't meet. Can't someone lace it up the back with string?"

But this inspiration was vetoed. "Let Mr. Feveril put it on," said Bertred; "he is slimmer than you. The knights of old were spare men and fought on one meal a-day."

A minute later, Paul was standing stiffly arrayed in the plate-armour worn by Sir Ughtred Weston at Bosworth, while Colonel Grierson, mounted on a chair, was trying to force a reluctant helmet to descend into its place.

"Hold on, old chap," protested Paul; "this casque wasn't built for a man of my size. It's simply suffocating me. I shall get a swelled head if you dress me up like this."

But a chorus of voices drowned his remonstrance, and an officious hand pulled his visor down and fastened the collar.

The door was opened, and Veronica preceded him into the room, while the storm of applause that greeted his appearance showed that the word was correct.

But, as he turned to go, a strange dizziness came over him, and the room went round. He reached the door and stumbled through the hall to the library, putting his hand up to his neck in a vain effort to undo his helmet and release himself.

And Veronica, watching him, saw him sway, stagger, and then fall headlong to the floor.

She was at his side in an instant, struggling with trembling fingers to undo the rusty clasp of his helmet. But the thing gripped like a vice, and all her strength could not move it.

"Come here quickly, Mr. Weston!" she called, as Alwyn crossed the hall. "Mr. Feveril has fainted."

"My God!" he said, as he, too, wrestled with all his strength, "the helmet is too small for him. I can't get it undone. Ring for someone—quick—we must force it open!"

Two minutes more before the butler had fetched the tools, and then another futile attempt to make the collar-fastening yield or the pivot of the visor work.

And to Veronica, kneeling on the floor beside Paul, it seemed an eternity of agony. "He is dead," she was saying to herself, "and I have been so cruel to him."

"Send for a doctor and fetch her Ladyship here," said Alwyn to the butler. "Now, Miss North, will you hold this down with all your strength while I try to lever it apart?"

One more strenuous effort, and the collar yielded and opened. Veronica gave a low cry of joy. "Now we can get it off," she said.

But a ribbed, discoloured line round the throat where it was

swelled with the pressure still held the casque in its place, and a spreading crimson stain on one side showed that there was some hidden injury.

"We must get the visor up, or he will be suffocated," said Alwyn.

Yet more precious moments were spent before the visor was lifted.

There was no sign of life in the livid face; the swollen, purple lips, the closed eyes sunk in grey hollows. Veronica's heart gave a great leap of pain.

How quickly the comedy had changed to tragedy!

Someone put her aside and took her place, and she listened as if in a dream to the doctor's curt, rapid directions.

"It must be got off," she heard him say, "at any cost."

Then there was silence, and presently a sharp exclamation from Alwyn and a stir in the group round the prostrate figure.

"Now a basin of water and some brandy, and one of you lift his head and support it so; I want to get at this side of it."

Lady Algitha had moved across to Veronica and had put her arm round the girl's rigid figure. "Don't despair, dear," she whispered. "I think it will be all right." For one look at Veronica's face had revealed its secret, and Lady Algitha had a kind heart hidden under her crust of modernity.

They stood together for some moments, and then, with the first sound of Paul's voice, faint, broken, questioning, Veronica broke into tears and sobbed her heart out quietly on Lady Algitha's shoulder.

"Will you tell me why you accused me of being an excellent actor?" asked Paul, a week later. He was lying on the sofa, with his head swathed in bandages, and Veronica had been left in charge of him by Lady Algitha.

"Because you seemed quite happy and content all that week, and——"

"And?"

"I was told you were broken-hearted all the time."

"Were you told anything else about me?"

She flushed, and held her peace.

"I had the bad luck to offend a little lady once," he said, "and she assured me that she should put a spoke in my wheel whenever she had the chance. I won't tell you her name. But she has done it very effectually this time. So you thought me a humbug, Veronica?"

She was still silent.

"Or a fortune-hunter, which is worse?" he added. "Yet," he continued, after a pause, "Lady Algitha tells me you took a great deal of trouble for me that night. I might have gone over the border, it seems, if you had not found me so quickly. I suppose it was Christian charity on your part. In any case, thank you—and good-bye."

"Good-bye?" she murmured.

"Yes. I told Lady Algitha just now that I refused to be a burden on her hospitality any longer. I am going to town to-morrow. I have learnt a very bitter lesson here."

She knelt down beside him. "You are not well enough to travel yet," she said, reproachfully. "Please put it off, Mr. Feveril."

"More Christian charity?" he asked.

"There is another name—for charity," she said, softly.

"Veronica!"

"That night," she went on; "that dreadful night, I asked your forgiveness in my heart over and over again. If you had died——"

"Tell me—quickly!"

"I should never have forgiven myself—I should never have been happy any more."

"Veronica, I am a poor man, and I love you more even than my pride. Don't tempt me."

But she only laid her head down on his shoulder; and, after a minute, he put his arms round her.



STUDIES IN DIGNITY: I.—THE MUSIC-HALL ATTENDANT.

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE walls of the Lyceum will presently echo with the blows of the house-breaker's hammer, even as they once resounded with the matchless music of Shakspeare's verse. The house which the genius of Sir Henry Irving made the first English-speaking theatre in the world will, when it rises like another Phoenix from its ashes, be dedicated to the lighter form of entertainment which is supposed to be in keeping with the requirements of the strenuous age in which we live.

Under the *régime* of Sir Henry Irving it is pleasant to recall that the Lyceum stage was trodden not only by England's greatest actor and actress, but also by the greatest actor of the United States, Edwin Booth, who appeared alternately with Sir Henry as Othello and Iago, with Miss Ellen Terry as Desdemona and William Terriss as Cassio. The Lyceum, too, was the artistic English home of America's most beautiful actress, Mary Anderson, who, had she not left the stage, would, with her exquisite voice, which had notes in it like those of an organ-pipe, her queenly presence, her enthusiasm, and her ambition, have come to be regarded as one of our greatest tragic actresses, for she was English by sentiment as she is English by choice since she has made her home here. Nor must Sarah Bernhardt be forgotten to add to the claims of the famous house that it has been the home of the greatest personages in the theatrical history of our own times.

Last Friday's matinée at the Adelphi was a well-deserved compliment to Mr. Richard Mansell, to whom, by common consent, has been accorded the title "Father of Opera-bouffe in England." He introduced "Chilperic" to the notice of the playgoer of the period about 1870, and has rendered many services to the stage both as actor and as manager, for which reason his comrades in art so numerous testified their regard by appearing in a programme as remarkable for the display of talent as for its variety.

Not for a long time has there been such a dry-rot as that exhibited in the theatres during the last few weeks. "Ruy Blas" has

at the Princess's, with Fechter in the title-part, he acknowledged that he never paid his expenses one single night. "Romeo and Juliet," too, proved not to the taste of the playgoer, and finished last Saturday, on which day "The Golden Princess" was withdrawn from the Hippodrome. "Captain Dieppe" will finish at the end of this week,



MR. J. L. TOOLE: A RECENT SNAPSHOT ON THE FRONT AT BRIGHTON.



MR. RICHARD MANSELL, "FATHER OF OPERA-BOUFFE IN ENGLAND."

Photograph by Madame Marie Leon, Regent Street, S.W.

fulfilled its reputation in never having made money out of France, whatever it may have done in the land of its birth, for, though the late Sir Augustus Harris's father ran it for some three or four months

while even the popularity of Mr. George Alexander and his clever Company has not been sufficient to win a renewed lease of life for the charms of "Old Heidelberg," which will be succeeded by another play originally "made in Germany"—"Love's Carnival," adapted from "Rosenmontag." So thorough is the dry-rot that one of the best-known country managers, who has invariably several Companies on tour, is not sending out a single Company during the spring. Things will change, of course, but in the meantime the actors are not the most jubilant of mortals.

Is the suburban theatre destined to rival the West-End houses in the matter of runs? That is a question which the more far-seeing actors are discussing at the moment, in view of the fact that at certain of the suburban houses a week is by no means sufficient to exhaust the drawing-power of a play or of a popular player. Mr. Tree's Company has been a fortnight at Deptford and Mr. Wilson Barrett a fortnight at Hammersmith. Will some manager come along and make the running for a month? Then the suburban theatres will fall into line with the rest of the theatres of London, and the playgoer will see a good deal more real acting than he does who confines himself to the round of a few West-End houses.

The mantle of Miss Louie Freear has undoubtedly fallen on pretty Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who, as all *Sketch* readers know, has for some time played the former lady's original part in "A Chinese Honeymoon." Miss Trevelyan is to create the leading character in the pathetic comedy, "'Op o' My Thumb," by F. Manville Fenn and Mr. Richard Price, which the Stage Society is to do next Sunday evening and Monday afternoon. The scene is a wash-house in Soho, and the heroine, designed for Miss Freear, is a laundry-maid whose life-story, in so far as it is revealed, is one of pathos. The little play is, in fact, a study in character and Cockneyism, and is certain to be interesting, as it is the work of two clever men whose comedy, "Saturday to Monday," has been frequently paragraphed as among Mr. George Alexander's forthcoming productions at the St. James's.

# KEY-NOTES

THE Symphony Concert held at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry J. Wood, on the 27th ult. was chiefly signalised by the wonderful pianoforte-playing of M. Raoul Pugno, who shone particularly in a performance of Mozart's Concerto in A. M. Pugno is, so far as we know, the greatest Mozart-player of the present generation; he thoroughly understands the spirit of that great Master to whom, in his own generation, it must have appeared that all musical things were known. And he combined that knowledge with so extraordinary a sentiment of beauty, and with such great exquisiteness of temperament, that even in this day, at the hands of an artist like M. Pugno, he seems as fresh as though his music had never had to endure any test of time. Perhaps the greatest quality about M. Pugno is his extraordinary lightness and delicacy of touch; although he is full of emotion, never cold at any point, he still has that perfectly classical restraint which one necessarily identifies with the right playing of Mozart. The Orchestra, too, was very excellent, under Mr. Henry J. Wood's direction. The same conductor also interpreted for us Haydn's Symphony (No. 7 in C Major); and Brahms's "Variations on a Theme by Haydn" was also exceedingly well given. The concert concluded with Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," a work which has already become practically a classic in the modern history of music.

In the presence of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, the first concert of the present series of the Philharmonic Concerts took place last Wednesday. After the playing of the National Anthem, Mr. A. von Ahn Carse's Symphonic Prelude to Byron's "Manfred" was accorded its first performance. It is a work which is distinctly ambitious, and deals chiefly with the development of the character of Manfred. The composer has obviously modelled his style upon that of Wagner, for it is not difficult to discover where Wagner's influence always lies. The work has been carefully orchestrated, and conceived with a sense of general rhythm not inconsiderable. Miss Elizabeth Parkina sang, for the first time in England, Charpentier's "Depuis le Jour" very charmingly indeed. Miss Dorothy Maggs played the pianoforte part in Tchaikowsky's Concerto (in B-flat Minor) for that instrument and orchestra. It was not a very exhilarating performance, for there was a certain monotony of tone about Miss Maggs's performance which made it somewhat colourless. Now Tchaikowsky was never colourless. Nor in this particular work did the orchestra play very brilliantly. Miss Marie Hall took the solo-violin part in Mendelssohn's single Concerto for that instrument and orchestra, and was quite at her best. She played with remarkable feeling; and in the final movement she was magnificent, thoroughly deserving the very enthusiastic applause which greeted her performance. The concert concluded with Schumann's Symphony (No. 1 in B-flat), which was excellently played, under the conductorship of Dr. Frederic Cowen, whose energy throughout the entire concert never flagged.

Richter and his Manchester band have given their last concert of the present season at the Queen's Hall. There is nothing more provincial than for a London critic to abuse a provincial band, just as there is nothing more ridiculous than for a provincial critic to set up the band of his particular town far and away above any Metropolitan musical combination. Nevertheless, we are bound to say that Richter has a very formidable rival indeed in Mr. Henry Wood and his wonderful Queen's Hall Orchestra; and we doubt very much if Londoners now receive quite with the old open-eyed admiration all the doings of Richter as once they used to do during his rare but much-desired appearances from abroad. That Richter has his limitations there is nobody who would deny; one is not so foolish as to go back upon such ancient history as the fact that his conducting of Purcell's "King Arthur" and of Handel's "Messiah" at certain provincial Festivals was impossibly unsympathetic. The fact still remains that he no longer occupies that unique position which was built up by his own industry and his own musical intelligence during a time when he was not rivalled, and out-rivalled, by certain younger competitors. Therefore, although this last concert of his was splendidly attended, one may doubt if, on the whole, Richter has been this season quite the success that he was in old days.

His playing of Mozart's E-flat Symphony, for example, on the occasion already mentioned was a trifle coarse and heavy at times, a fault into which Mr. Wood, despite all his modern tendencies and modern admirations, would assuredly not be inclined to fall. Miss Otie Chew at this same concert made her first appearance in England as a violinist, and, though she was excessively nervous, she proved herself to possess a singularly exceptional sense of tune, and her tone was rich and artistic, although at times it sadly erred on the side of monotony. She gave the solo-part of Bach's Concerto in E for Violin and Orchestra and Beethoven's "Romance in F." The second part of this Richter Concert was devoted to Liszt's "Mazeppa" and to the long duet for Siegmund and Sieglinde from the first Act of "Die Walküre." "Mazeppa" was magnificently played by the Orchestra, and received its just meed of applause. When is Liszt, as a composer, to be expected to come to his own? The Wagner Duet was sung by Mr. Ben Davies and Miss Agnes Nichols. By the way, as a matter of news, Mr. Ben Davies is now almost on the eve of his American tour.

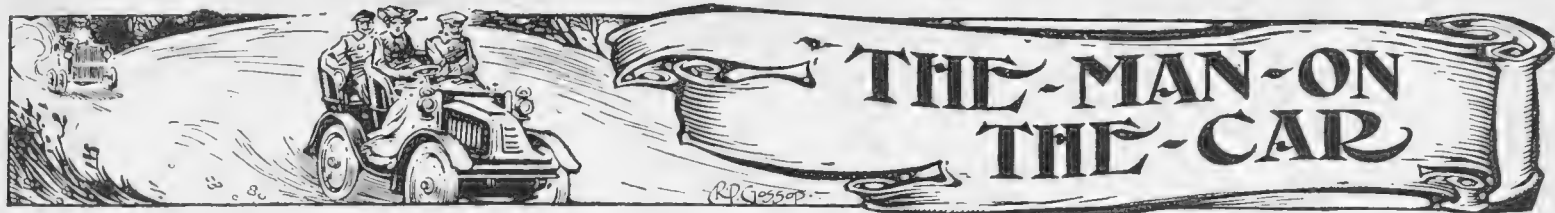
COMMON CHORD.



MISS LOUIE POUNDS AT HOME.

KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC AS A SINGER AND ACTRESS, MISS POUNDS IS ALSO AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE PIANIST.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



*The Eliminating Trials—Side-slip—Police Proceedings—Engagement of Miss Vera Butler.*

HEUGELY profitable as the automobile industry has been to France, the Anti-Clerical Prime Minister with an English name does not appear to be over-and-above willing to serve it by personally authorising the decision of the French Gordon Bennett Eliminating Trials. M. Combes, though entreated thereto by a deputation composed of the Senators and Deputies of the French Ardennes, in which district the selected circuit has been marked out; coldly refused the authorisation of the Trials, but admitted that their legalisation might be asked of the Chamber of Deputies. In fact, an Act such as we were fortunate enough to get passed through our House of Commons for the Gordon Bennett race of 1903 must pass the French House if the Eliminating Trials are to be held on Gallic soil. That the attitude, entirely unexpected, of the French Minister comes as a great disappointment to all concerned cannot be denied, particularly when, as seen by the composition of the deputation, the people and the authorities of the district through which the trials would be run are entirely in their favour. I am sure that our friends across the Channel have the fullest sympathies of British automobilists in the unexpected rebuff they have received whence they had least cause and no reason to expect it.

In the meantime, we on this side "La Manche" are more or less in a quandary as to our own Eliminating Trials too. To test racing-cars which are to compete over three hundred miles of give-and-take road by driving them over a downhill flying-kilometre is sheer fatuity. Yet, if the latest idea of the Club Secretary, which is to obtain permission to run them over a course already selected in the Isle of Man, does not materialise, we are in something worse condition than our French brethren, who have still the Belgian Circuit des Ardennes left them to fall back upon. Mr. Julian Ord, who has discovered a Manx course which is, on the whole, satisfactory, has already crossed once to Douglas for the purpose of giving effect to his notion. Negotiations are in progress, but these appear to be of so delicate a nature that no detail of them may be laid bare at present. Now the Isle of Man exists by and for the entertainment of its visitors, and, seeing that the Eliminating Trials would cause a very large sum of money to be spent in the island which otherwise would not find its way there at all, the Governor, the House of Keys, the Deemsters, and other Manx officials will deserve very ill of their fellow islanders if they do not strain every nerve to bring about the Trials in Mona.

Every automobilist doomed for his sins or his pleasure to drive a car in muddy weather will feel an absorbing interest in the Non-Slipping Trials, for which nearly a score of entries have already been received by the Automobile Club. Until one has sat behind the wheel of a car and experienced that sort of side-slip which, without warning or apparent reason, causes a car to waltz *à deux temps* across a crowded road, such an one cannot be said to have lived his motoring life to the full. Curiously enough, it is difficult to get a man to believe entirely in side-slip until this has happened to him, and then his belief is whole and most sincere. He scratches round thereafter in every corner for preventives and will discuss side-slip in manner very different from that which characterised his treatment of the subject before the event. At present the apparatus offered, whether it take the form of rattling chains, road-slitting spikes, slowing armoured-bands, or metallic forks, is but a makeshift; the perfect non-slipper has yet to come. Whether these trials will produce it remains to be seen. We hope for the best. But the non-slipper of the future, while an absolute preventive of side-slip, must be light, must not slow the car, must not be dirty, must not increase the

difficulties or labour of tyre-repair on the road, must be noiseless, and should be easily attachable and detachable at will. Will a device possessing each and every one of these imperative qualities emerge from these trials? We shall see.

With regard to the recent dismissal of summonses against motorists, there remains a particularly severe hardship, inasmuch as in none of these cases can the Magistrates be induced to give costs against the police. So, although the dismissal of the summons is tantamount to a verdict of not guilty, the unfortunate driver upon whom the attention of the police has fallen and who successfully defends the charge against him is, nevertheless, considerably out-of-pocket over the matter. I am well within the actual figures when I say that the costs in one case alone must have overtopped thirty pounds, a considerable sum to disburse for the pleasure of checkmating the police. It resolves itself into a mean and underhanded way of persecuting motorists who, if they wish to keep their licences free from endorsement, must take all possible steps to rebut the charges brought against them. It seems hopeless to expect anything like fair play from these latter-day Shallows, who are quick to see that, though they may, by their decisions, absolve the motorist of any offence against the precious Act of 1903, he can, nevertheless, be made to smart financially to a very pretty tune. The sooner a question is asked in the House of Commons the better, but it should be put to the Home Secretary by a member who has the ear of the House and who is known to be moved thereto chiefly by a desire to see fair play all round, and not because he is interested in automobilism other than as an enthusiastic motorist.



*Photograph by R. and H. Stiles.*

CAPTAIN HUGH ILTED NICHOLL.



*Photograph by Alice Hughes.*

MISS VERA BUTLER.

TO BE MARRIED IN APRIL.

The marriage has been arranged and will take place in April of Miss Vera Butler, only daughter of Mr. Frank H. Butler, and Captain

Hugh Ilted Nicholl, only son of the late Mr. Ilted Nicholl, B.A., of 32, Lancaster Gate, and Houndswood, St. Albans. Miss Butler was one of the pioneer lady automobilists, and the first English lady to obtain a certificate to drive a motor-car in France, touring from Paris to Nice and across the Alps in the early days of motoring. At Beaune, in 1896, she witnessed the Paris-Marseilles Race, which was won on a 6 horse-power Panhard, when for the first time pneumatic tyres were used. She went through the whole of the 1900 One Thousand Miles' Trial with her father, who was Honorary Treasurer of the Club. On a balloon voyage over London in 1901 she suggested the idea of the Aéro Club, and became one of the founders of it. Miss Butler has already made twelve free balloon-ascents, including two from the Aéro Club in Paris. Captain Ilted Nicholl is at present at the Staff College, Camberley. He served in the Tirah and Chitral Campaigns and South African War.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro has just escaped being the victim of a plot which has passed quite unnoticed in England. Sixty influential men at Cetinje have been arrested for being implicated in a plot against the Prince with King Peter of Serbia, whose agent appears to have been a man named Bakich. This man travelled backwards and forwards between Cetinje and Belgrade, and is accused of having been the moving spirit in the plot. The utmost secrecy has been observed as to the details, but it is certain that there exists a considerable amount of disaffection in Montenegro at the present moment and that many of the leading men are greatly dissatisfied at the rôle which the Principality is playing in the existing crisis.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Lincoln—Liverpool—Apprentices—New Racecourses.*

EVERY racing-man is looking forward with interest to the opening of the flat-racing season, and it is safe to assume that a big crowd of "sports" will assemble on the Carholme on March 21. Turf writers during the last half-century have been in the habit through the winter months of longing for the sound of the saddling-bell at Lincoln, but, as a matter of detail, it may as well be stated that there never has been a saddling-bell on the Carholme. However, Mr. Ford always provides us with a good programme, although the arrangements are far from perfect. Already whispers are rife as to the probable winner of the Brocklesby Stakes, but shrewd backers will, without a doubt, follow John Watson's best, as the smart Newmarket trainer has a unique record in connection with this race. The Lincoln Handicap will, of course, be the chief dish of the meeting, although I am assured that the field may not be so large as was at one time expected, owing to the state of the training-grounds. Many good judges are backing Cerisier and Uninsured,



THE FOURTH TEST-MATCH: TOM HAYWARD, WHO TURNED THE TIDE IN ENGLAND'S FAVOUR AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

*Photograph by Hawkins and Co., Brighton.*

but I shall continue to pin my faith to Dumbarton Castle. Of course, if anything else in the race were tried to be better at the weights than the Grateley horse, the latter would be kept in his stable.

There will be a big gathering at Aintree this year, as the King is expected to witness the race for the Grand National, and Lords Derby and Sefton are to entertain for the meeting. A lot of speculation has taken place over the big steeplechase. Detail, who is owned by a lady, certainly looks to have a very big chance on paper. Arthur Nightingall has ridden two winners of the Grand National, and he is one of the few jockeys who generally manage to get the course. Detail is slow but sure, and, in my opinion, he is, barring accidents, certain to get placed. Manifesto is another that will cover the country, although it should be noted that at his first attempt to win the Grand National he fell at the very first fence. He is said to be fairly sound on his legs once more, and I think he will get a place. For the actual winner, I shall stand or fall on Ambush II., who is just now at his very best. Mr. Lushington, I am told, is very confident, and Anthony is riding very well. The horse, in my opinion, has only to stand up to win. If he does, we shall hear a roar that would do credit to the Donnybrook Fair Brigade.

Trainers are very conservative, but time tries all, and I am glad to notice that several trainers have of late been advertising for apprentices able to go to scale at 5 st. This shows that our trainers intend to school young riders, and we are not likely to want for useful apprentices for a very long time to come. Tom Jennings has for many years made more money out of his apprentices than he has out of his horses, and he is undoubtedly the champion tutor of jockeys. There are a few useful apprentices available at the present time, including Jarvis, East, Butchers, McIntyre, Hunter, Bott, Mole, G. Platt, Bullock, Compton, Mowatt, Crickmere, Page, Charters, and others. Of those mentioned,

Jarvis will soon lose the allowance, but I predict a rosy time for East and Hunter. The first-named of the two is a very useful rider; he has a keen eye and good hands and displays fine judgment in his finishes.

I do not suppose that the Jockey Club will be troubled with many applications for licences for new racecourses in the near future. Indeed, there is little room for further competition. I think, however, that, for the future, no permit should be given for any racecourse started in a valley, as, in my opinion, all racing, both on the flat and over fences, should take place on the top of a hill, like Epsom, Newmarket, and Goodwood. The majority of our enclosed parks are in the valleys, with a consequence that our variable climate plays the very deuce with the going, both in the summer and in the winter. The going is seldom perfect except when the herbage is up to mowing-point. In the past, very little attention was paid to the situation of new courses, but I do hope the authorities will give this weighty matter due attention in all future enterprises. Many of the meetings that have been held under National Hunt Rules during the last three months ought never to have taken place, as the going was simply execrable, with the result that form has over and over again turned turtle. Many of our racecourses are unfit for use during the wet winter months. CAPTAIN COE.

The victory of Mr. Warner's team in the fourth Test-match was naturally a cause of great rejoicing among cricketers on this side of the world. The unsettled weather caused a good many interruptions to the game, and when the English eleven commenced their second innings the wicket was in a sad state. Indeed, the only batsman who made any considerable score was Tom Hayward, the famous Surrey cricketer, who seems to have regained his old-time ability on slow wickets. He withstood the bowling for two hours and forty minutes, and had scored fifty-two when he was out leg-before to Trumble. Mr. Warner and Rhodes made a fine last-wicket stand, adding fifty-five runs, and the innings closed for a total of 210. This left the Australians 329 to win, a task, in the circumstances, quite beyond their powers, for they were all out for 171, leaving the English eleven winners of the "rubber" by 157 runs. Bosanquet was the hero of this innings, since he dismissed six of the Colonial batsmen for fifty-one runs.

The King of Denmark, who will be eighty-six in less than a month from now, still takes long rides in the neighbourhood of his country palace. He is passionately fond of horses, and his stables are among the most intelligently arranged, if not among the most luxurious and splendid, in Europe. Nowadays, many Royal and Imperial personages are becoming enthusiastic motorists. This is especially the case in Germany, but the Danish Royal Family are an exception, and, by the Sovereign's wish, all his descendants are taught to ride at an early age.



THE KING OF DENMARK'S STABLES AT COPENHAGEN.

*Photograph by Gjerup.*

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WITH the preachers denouncing the feminine frenzy for clothes from the house-tops and popular novelists echoing their sentiments to the last semicolon, with Judges bestowing sympathetic verdicts on the suffering husbands of extravagant wives, and a very evident straitening of circumstances amongst His Majesty's



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A BLACK COSTUME OF THE LATEST STYLE.

much-taxed subjects, I should not be surprised to see a more austere habit of garment gradually find grace amongst us. Miss Braddon, experienced veteran of woman's world, lays a heavy burden of blame on women's shoulders when she says: "If some statistician would but take up the subject, I believe he could show that the expenditure of Englishwomen of late years on the by no means indispensable item of 'trimmings' alone has to be reckoned by millions, and that, next to the drink-madness amongst women of the slums, the dress-madness amongst women of the West-End and the suburbs is one of the worst features of an over-civilised age." Strong terms these, and uttered with authority by one who has seen many decades of fashion, from the restrained mid-Victorian era, through a gradually increasing growth of finery, to the present riotous extravagance of all classes.

Is the liberty of the British subject so firmly rooted in our foolish beliefs that the possibility of a sumptuary statute or two is impossible? If not, why does not some much-married M.P. bring the subject before the House, in the interests of his harassed fellow-man? The theme is a burning one, and the day seems ripe for agitation. Gibes and jokes aside, too, the welfare of the humbler classes would be seriously bettered could a special scheme of simple wearables be parentally enforced. How much more charming, for example, was the ample black cloth cloak of the Irish peasantry, its wide hood lined with black satin, which for hundreds of years was universally worn, than the tawdry imitations of five-year-old fashions that have replaced it to-day! Bonnets and hats were unknown formerly amongst "the people" in Ireland, as they still are in remoter parts of Italy and Spain, for the

graceful hood aforesaid, which was part and parcel of the national cloak, made their use impossible. Does one not feel moved to wrath, too, when one's own servants take their afternoons-out in cheap parodies of their mistress's clothes, and pert girls of the Telephone and Post Office type swagger forth in all the meretricious trickery of mock furs, mock pearls, mock lace, mock everything?

Let us, by all means, good masters in Parliament, have beneficent laws that will make us wise by statute and economical, according to our station, as by rule enforced. Meanwhile, to any such women left in this much-sinning generation as still take some interest in domesticities, I would mention that the ideo of spring-cleaning are on us, and that, amongst "first-aids" to that delectable state of regeneration which the British household imperatively requires in spring are the various paints and varnishes supplied by the inimitable Aspinall. Amongst the specialities, besides the famous enamel, are floor-stains, water-polish for boots, straw-hat polish, washable gold-paint, and other useful items. This season several pretty shades have been added to the standard colours with which we love to paint our wooden possessions, while any particular tone can be ordered and supplied within three or four days by sending a pattern either to Aspinall's Offices at New Cross or any of their various agents.

The subject of paint seeming to lead on in natural sequence to soap, I am reminded to add that the Vinolia Company, who held the appointment as Soap-makers to the late Queen, have now received their Warrant from the King, and are added to the list of prominent businesses which have the privilege of supplying Royalty.

I suppose it was Dickens who first invested the singing kettle with its own air of cheerful fireside romance. Cowper talks of the



[Copyright.]

BROWN CLOTH AND BRAID TO MATCH.

"hissing urn," but that nowadays is too reminiscent of cremation. The glamour of a great Master's imagination will always remain, however, with those who remember "The Cricket on the Hearth" or "Barnaby Rudge" while the cheery silver kettle sings its morning or

afternoon song And now we have the new aluminium kettle introduced by the Aluminium Castings Company, of Greenock, which won't leak, won't rust, looks nice, wears for a thousand years, like the Kings of old, and, unlike them, costs little and keeps bright to the end, all for thirteen-and-six!

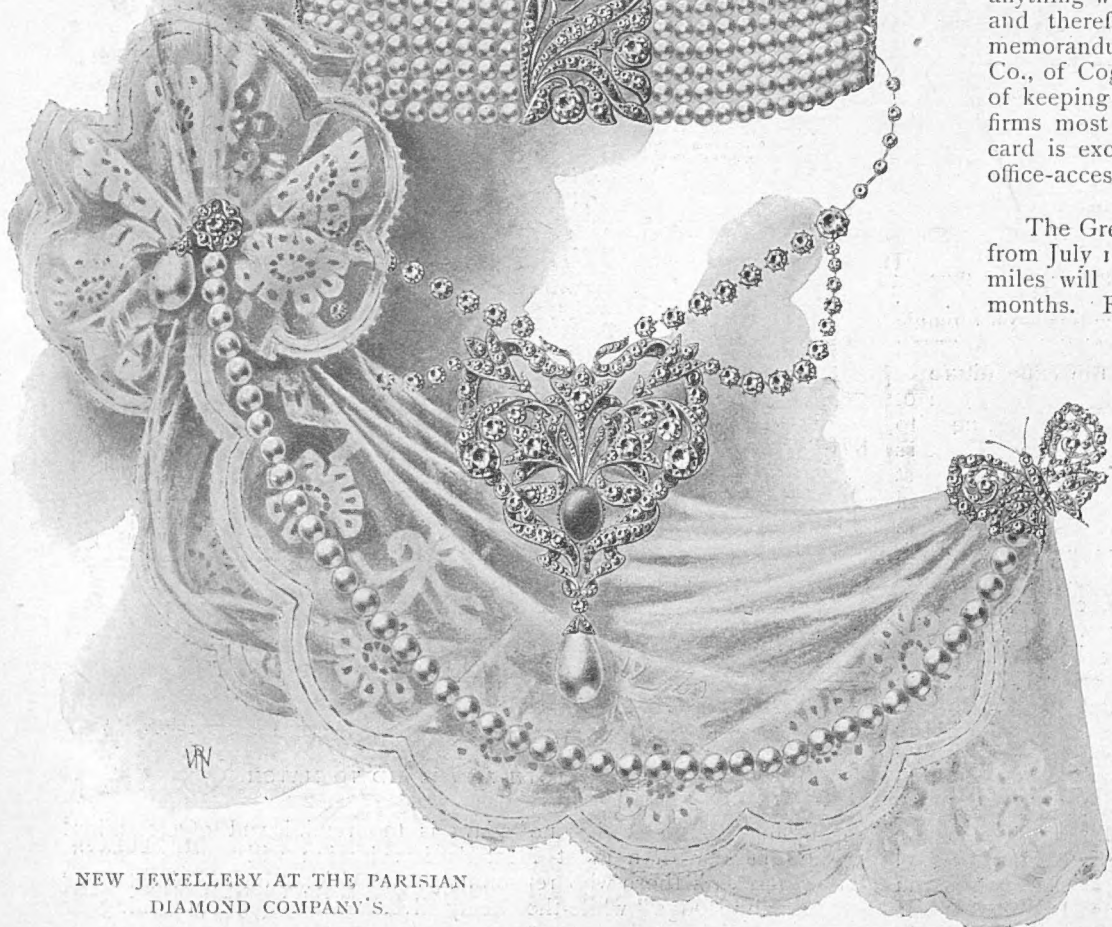
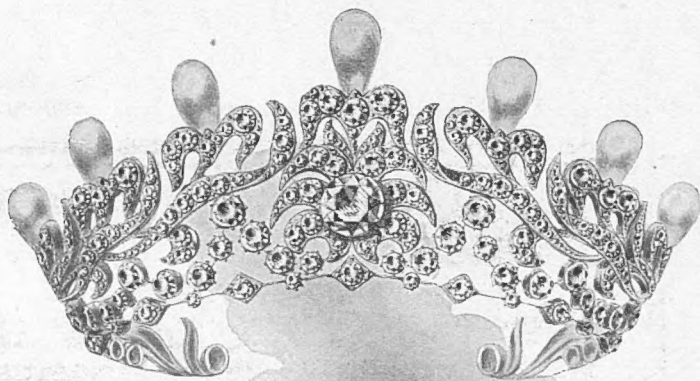
We frivolous people who play Bridge now say that we cannot think how existence was supportable in a former state before it was introduced. And one has heard that the man of affairs has said something similar of the American roll-back desk which so capaciously secures his confidence and correspondence at one fell blow—or rather, one fell lock. Now, behold the American desk has a rival, for Mr. L. A. Solomon, of Queen Victoria Street, in the true patriotic spirit of the hereditary Briton, has developed an English roll-back desk which all may read, mark, learn, and annex who pass that way by paying for it at various prices from five guineas to nine.

This small, graceful crown of diamonds, topped with pear-shaped pearls, is one of the latest creations of the Parisian Diamond Company and an exact copy of a Royal marriage-gift to boot. The reproduction is perfect in shape, colour, and brilliancy. Why spend useful thousands on De Beers stones, one asks, when their third-cousins, the Parisian diamonds, manage to imitate them so successfully? Some few other jewels are shown on this page which will express the desires of many women—a pearl dog-collar with diamond slides, a graceful corsage-ornament, and a string of Orient pearls, the speciality of the Parisian Diamond Company, which fastens amongst the laces of the corsage by a diamond moth on one side and a pendent pearl at the other.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

DILETTA (Dieppe).—I should advise you to apply to the *Queen* Travel Editor. He has names and particulars of most hotels in that region.

SYBIL.



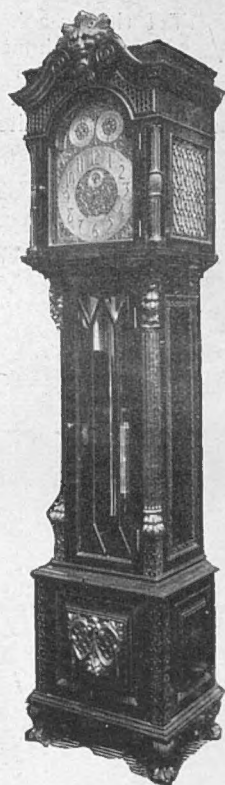
NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN  
DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

#### A HOUSE OF CHARITY.

Under the gentle sway of the lovely and clever young Duchess of Sutherland, Stafford House, that exquisite Italian palace in the middle of London which rivals in beauty its Royal neighbour, Marlborough House, has already seen many a notable entertainment organised for sweet charity's sake. But probably the most notable of all will be one to be held on July 1 in aid of the Potteries Guild of Cripples, at which both the King and Queen intend to be present. This Guild, of which the Duchess of Sutherland is the moving spirit, cares for between three and four hundred cripples in a very intelligent way, teaching them artistic handicrafts, and so helping them to be independent and not mere *bouches inutiles*. The entertainment is to consist of a promenade concert and dance, and, curiously enough, ladies' tickets are to be three guineas, while gentlemen's are to be only two.

Messrs. Bewlay and Co., Limited, of 49, Strand, hold their Fifth Annual Smoking Concert at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 17th, in aid of the Tobacco Trade Benevolent Association. Ladies are specially invited.

This handsome clock, together with a beautiful silver salver, has been presented to Lieut.-Colonel Charles Newman Kidd, J.P., V.D., by his friends and fellow-townsmen, on his retirement from the Chairmanship of the Urban District Council of Dartford, as a token of their esteem and in recognition of his services during thirty-three years of public life. It was designed and modelled by those well-known art-experts, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street, W., and Cheapside, E.C.



CLOCK PRESENTED TO  
LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES  
NEWMAN KIDD, J.P., V.D.

For the Wye Steeplechases next Monday (March 14) the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company will run a number of trains from the various stations on their system. A special train (first-class only, return day-fare eleven shillings) will leave Charing Cross at 11.50, calling at Waterloo and London Bridge, while a train conveying third-class passengers only (fare seven shillings) leaves at 10.52, calling at the same stations, also at New Cross. The above fares include admission to the course.

Though we have come to regard the telephone with settled resignation, we are always pleased to meet with anything which will mitigate the terrors of that instrument, and therefore welcome gladly the beautiful telephone memorandum just published by Messrs. Jas. Hennessy and Co., of Cognac, the well-known brandy firm. As a means of keeping together for easy reference the numbers of the firms most frequently communicated with, this handsome card is excellent. Indeed, no more convenient or elegant office-accessory could be desired.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that from July 1 ordinary tickets issued for distances over twenty miles will be available for return at any time within six months. For distances less than twenty miles they will be available as at present. The Company have again published their convenient and compendious pocket handbook to the principal Dog and Poultry Shows, Cattle and Horse Fairs, racing fixtures, and Agricultural Shows to be held in 1904. It may be obtained from the General Offices of the Great Northern Railway, King's Cross, and can also be had at the various stations and agencies. The Company have also issued a card dealing exhaustively with Agricultural Shows, which can be obtained from the Goods Manager, King's Cross Station.

Miss Adela Verne gave at the Salle Erard last week the second of her Historical Pianoforte Recitals, dealing with Schubert, Weber, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. In her first recital Miss Verne dealt with a much earlier period. On this occasion her Mendelssohn-playing was very nearly perfect. Her next Recital is to be connected with the works of Schumann and Chopin.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 26.*

## THE OUTLOOK.

TEST-MATCHES rather than financial business have provided most excitement for the Stock Exchange during the last few days, but now that Warner and his merry men are coming home it is to be hoped that decisive events in the Japanese War or some other equally insignificant topic may supply the void. Not even the



WEST AFRICA: THE TAQUAH AND ABOSSO.

most optimistic imagine that any increasing volume of business is to fill the gap. Consols sag and sag until they are perilously near the price to which the big banks have placed them in their balance-sheets, and, with a host of issues, such as that of the National Telephone, the Transvaal Colony, the London Water Board, and others, impending, there does not appear much prospect of an improvement. The financial position in the Transvaal is very embarrassing, and Lord Milner's last speech has filled the market with uneasiness. Money the Government must have, but where is it to come from? The drop in the Bank of England dividend from 5 per cent. to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  for the half-year, which the published figures indicate, is an unpleasant reminder that even the greatest among us are mortal. No doubt, writing down securities to present levels has caused the shrinkage in profits, but, all the same, it is not encouraging.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We are indebted to a gentleman who is largely interested in the Jungle Market for our illustrations of the well-known Taquah and Aboosso property, which was—shall we say, “is”—one of the most popular of the Companies engaged in proving the Wassau banket reef, which has been intersected by the diamond-drill in several places on the property, at depths varying from 300 to 400 feet. The Company is also largely interested in dredging the Ankobra River. At present, shares stand at about  $\frac{1}{16}$ , the lowest level they have reached.

## SOUTH AMERICAN AND “WAR” BONDS.

With the financial situation in Paris and Berlin clearer than it has been for some time past, the reason for the improvement in Argentine, Brazilian, and other Foreign bonds is easily understood. Spanish and Turkish issues appeal so little to the average British capitalist that the movements in their prices affect few beyond a narrow circle of gamblers. But the best South American loans have a large following in this country, and the bondholders have lately grown very uneasy about their securities, as quotations became acutely depressed by the Continental selling. To such we would venture to suggest that the credit of, at any rate, the Argentine Government is now sufficiently re-established for proprietors to regard with composure whatever sharp fluctuations may be caused by temporary influences. Rather than sell Argentine Loans, it would appear the better policy to buy them upon such reactions. Brazilian issues are more speculative for the time being, because the coffee crop threatens to turn out badly, but in this section the weakness bred by Paris fears has not quite worn off, although it is likely to do so. Russians continue steady enough to cause surprise to those who do not know how expensive a bear operation in these bonds frequently turns out to be, and they are less played upon by the war-news than Japanese issues. The latter possess speculative possibilities for improvement when the end of the war comes into sight, but even the Stock Exchange discounters are chary of guessing how long the struggle in the Extreme East is likely to last.

## HOME RAILWAYS RESTING.

In the Stock Exchange itself one seldom comes across a member willing to uphold the chances of any early improvement in the condition of Home Railway Ordinary stocks. There are so many things actively militant against the chances of a rise, that only a vividly optimistic imagination can see, in the current levels, a sign that bed-rock has been reached. When you can put money on deposit with the banks and discount houses at 3 per cent., subject to fourteen days' notice, there is little fascination in buying Home Railway

stocks that yield more; it is true, but whose possible shrinkage in value may easily outweigh the advantage gained in extra interest. And the public complain, with much reason, that, if they buy stocks, the prices consistently dwindle after the purchase; they would rather wait, they say, until some appearance of the fall's termination has made itself visible, when they may be willing to look at investments again. But, for the present, they see no temptation to buy Home Rails, and this absence of support will naturally tend to make prices still lower.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

The Stroller had been spending twenty minutes in the Royal Exchange—very pleasantly, too, in spite of the nipping wind that blew in through the half-open door marked “Closed.” The frescoes are the delight of all country visitors; to Londoners they are so near at hand that comparatively few have ever stopped to admire them. The Stroller congratulated himself upon having filled up a few spare minutes so usefully.

“Now for my broker's,” said he, turning up his coat-collar and striding down Bartholomew Lane.

Three men were chatting at the corner of Capel Court, and our friend's steps were arrested by the remark from one of them—

“Can't see it, my boy. I only wish I could! But who is going to buy Consols in any quantity?”

“You might just as well say the same thing whenever Consols are flat,” rejoined the second. “Are there not always people who will buy Consols—or anything else, for the matter of that—when prices are flat?”

“Yes; but, then,” persisted the first speaker, “that's all very well. What I want to know is just this, *Are Consols flat?*”

“Well, judging by the quotations of recent years, I wonder you trouble to ask,” said the third man, somewhat contemptuously.

“There is neither comparison nor criterion in the quotations of recent years,” retorted the other. “Here we are faced with an entirely new set of conditions since the Boer War, and yet you would have us grope about for opinions founded upon our past experience.”

“You talk like a mere newspaper,” and the third man was more than half-contemptuous now.

“There's something in what he says, all the same,” the second interposed. “But, for myself, I don't believe the banks and suchlike financial houses will let Goschens go to the round 3 per cent. line.”

“That's 83, isn't it?”

“Eighty-three and a-half, I think, is nearer the mark. But come on: I'm getting cold. We can wrangle just as well in the House to-morrow.”

The trio walked down the Lane, and The Stroller pursued them until he came to the Yankee Market. Here the wind was bitterly cold, and the dealers were stamping their feet in equally vain efforts to get warm and to wait patiently for business.

“Chilly work, this,” volunteered our *protégé*, to a little, red-nosed man who looked half frost-bitten.

“Chilly? Bless my soul, you soon get used to it!” was the unexpected reply. “Hi, Tommy! Want to deal in Atch.?”

“No, thanks,” and the broker stopped to ask the state of the market.

“Oh, nothing doing, but pretty steady.”

“Dull, but firm, eh?”

“You saw that in *The Sketch*, I'll lay a dollar. So did I.”

The broker laughed and said there wasn't much the other did not see.

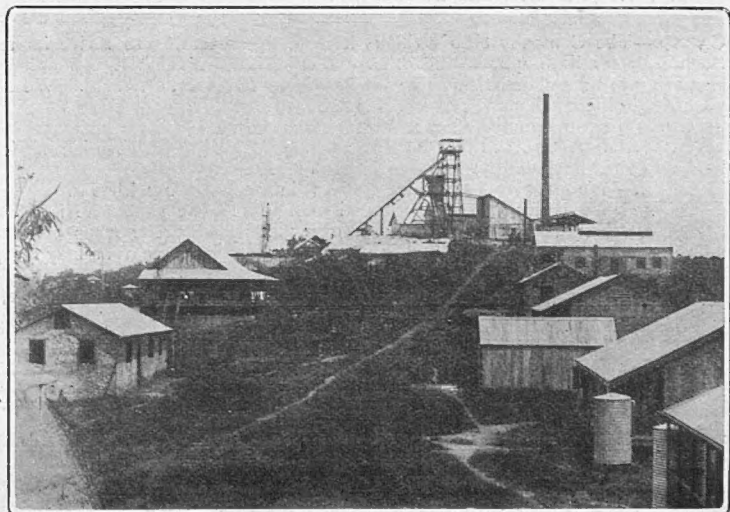
“Can't see my way in Yankees at the moment, at all events,” he replied. “Only wish I could. Want to make a little money to pay my House subscription with.”

“Ought they to be bought?”

“What, Yanks? Not in my own opinion, but I'm generally wrong, you know.”

“I do,” the broker said, with unkindly candour and another laugh.

“You're pretty right now, I fancy. Good-night,” and off he went.



WEST AFRICA: THE TAQUAH AND ABOSSO MAIN-SHAFT.

The Stroller was still standing in his former position, and he of the rubicund nasal-organ turned and began to rail against brokers in general.

"They come and suck your brains," he growled, "and then walk off without so much as dealing in fifty shares."

"Too bad of them!" sympathised our friend. "But what makes you think Yankees will go down?"

"Why, you're every bit as bad as a broker—unless you want to deal!" exclaimed the jobber. "Still, I don't mind telling you that I think the United States public are no keener than our own on speculation just now."

"And the railroads want heaps of money?" suggested The Stroller.

"Pots of it," replied the other, shaking his head. "Pots of it. They will get it, of course, but it won't be on terms likely to benefit the holders of Common stocks."

"I suppose not," The Stroller agreed. "I think——"

"Yes, Atch. Who said Atch.?" and our friend suddenly found his counsellor gone from his side.

"Can't accuse them of standing on ceremony," he soliloquised. "It's just as well, or I shall never get to——"

"There's not an ounce of superfluous price about Tintos," declared a voice behind him.

"All the same," another answered, "I should feel precious sorry for myself if I were a bull."

"You would have no need for sorrow. There's a thirty-shillings rise in Rio as sure as you're a living sinner."

"If that were correct, I should be betting on a certainty to buy them."

"Same thing, almost. Oh, conf——"

And the sweep's barrow, with its brushes extending well in front of it, clave a resistless way through the Street, dividing the Kaffir Circus as neatly as Moses divided the Red Sea.

"Dirty beasts!" and the speaker, flung again into the centre of the market, brushed his coat with a white woollen glove, with effects imaginable.

"If you swear like that, you'll be taken for a bull and turned out of the Kaffir Market," The Stroller heard a friend admonish him.

"Bears Only Admitted" would be a much more appropriate text to put over the Stock Exchange doors than the present 'Subscribers Only Admitted,' and a general laugh ran round the knot of men.

"Specially over the Kaffir door," one suggested.

"The only bulls are the big houses," averred another. "They've been buying stock for the past eighteen months, and——"

"They still have to go on buying, because there's nobody else will take stock."

"How about the bears?" asked The Stroller, boldly. "They must buy back some time or other, mustn't they?"

"Plenty of time for them, my sonnie," said an elderly man, from the back of a fat cigar. "We shall have no good market until the end of the year or the beginning of next."

"You're wonderfully explicit," a dark-haired boy returned, ironically.

"When your brains begin to grow, you come to me and I will teach you how to use them," was the sage advice of the senior. "But I shouldn't advise you to talk much until they make a start. Kaffirs are not going to rise for some time yet."

The Stroller heaved a sigh and betook himself to his broker's office. "None of you seem to be bulls of good spirits," he remarked, after his broker had made further progress along the forlorn paths of pessimism, so far as the present outlook went.

"Bulls of good spirits? An excellent suggestion! Come along and see if we can't find some in Throgmorton Street. I'll take you to a new place to-night, and we will discuss the glories that shall be ours in the future. Come along!"

And they went.

Saturday, March 5, 1904.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

CACAO.—The Company clearly thinks it must do something to revive its receipts. Such schemes have "boomed" other concerns, but we think it would have been wiser to give the public better value for its money in the articles sold. We doubt if your £80 will come back within a reasonable time.

CU.—We will make inquiries and reply next week.

G. W. R.—We think the war will do the bank good rather than harm. The rise in silver (which may easily go farther) is all in its favour.

BRUN.—We only send private answers in accordance with Rule 5 of our Correspondence Rules (see last week's issue). The mine you name is one of the best Westralian concerns, but, for our own money, we prefer Sons of Gwalia to anything in that market. Until we know whether the Japanese War may lead, there must be considerable risk in buying any Mine shares.

ANXIOUS.—Write to the King's Printers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Great New Street, E.C. The Act will cost you about ninepence. Probably a local bookseller would get it for you.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH."

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Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.  
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Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.  
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Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 198, Strand, London.

#### NOTES FROM BERLIN.

ONCE a year, Count and Countess von Bülow hold a Parliamentary soirée (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). The vast reception-rooms of the Chancellor's palace are thrown open for the occasion to nearly one thousand guests, who include practically everyone of note in the political, artistic, literary, scientific, and official worlds of Germany. Never since his appointment as the right-hand man of the Emperor has this annual social event been so numerously attended as was the case last week. Beyond a doubt, the Chancellor is strengthening his hold on the public esteem. Gradually but surely he is converting his political enemies, by a careful system of "graceful concessions" in the domain of domestic problems, to be his friends. To the stranger who visits his Excellency's soirée for the first time the historic reception-rooms are full of interest. There he may see the simple desk and cane-backed chair which Bismarck used during the greater part of his career. Even the shabby letter-press of the "Iron Chancellor" is preserved in its original position. Count von Bülow's own library and writing-rooms are scarcely less interesting.

The present Chancellor, as is proved by the great assortment of variously coloured and beautifully sharpened pencils immaculately arranged on his desk, is evidently a most methodical worker. Immediately behind the seat whence he pens his foreign despatches stands prominently forth a fine engraving of his Imperial Master's symbolic picture of "The Yellow Peril," with its admonitory inscription, "People of Europe, preserve your most sacred possessions." Opposite this most suggestive indication of the trend of Count von Bülow's present policy stands an autograph portrait of the Emperor Nicholas, dated "Reval, 1902," and, close by, a delightful portrait bearing the words "Granny and the Babies.—Alexandra." Count von Bülow is a most sagacious host. Over his numerous guests his eye wanders with an unfailing instinct for those politicians to whom it is important he should address a few courteous words. As the evening rolls on, the atmosphere of the great "Congress Hall," where the majority of the guests are assembled, becomes gradually impenetrable, for it and the neighbouring rooms contain nearly a thousand Germans, most of them smoking with their accustomed national zest.

It is the custom of the German Emperor at this season of the year to invite himself to dinner with some of the more important and favoured of the Ambassadors accredited to the Berlin Court. The competition between the various diplomatists to secure the coveted presence of His Majesty is said to be very keen. Etiquette forbids them to invite the Emperor personally, but it does not preclude them from throwing out very plain indications of their hospitable desires to the Chancellor, the Foreign Secretary, the Chief Court Marshal, and other illustrious officials who have the ear of the Sovereign. I imagine that Count von Bülow must frequently be tempted to smile at the information volunteered to him by the representatives of the Great Powers that they own either a marvellous cook or some extraordinarily precious wine. Unfortunately for many entertainers, the Emperor has been compelled by his state of mourning to countermand his promise to attend dinners this week at the Russian, Spanish, and Italian Embassies. He was present last week at the Austrian Embassy, and also spent an evening with Sir Frank Lascelles, the British Ambassador. According to all accounts, His Majesty is in excellent spirits and his voice is as strong as ever it was. But he feels the need of recuperation after his illness and the exertions of the winter festivities.

#### MISS ETHEL HIRSCHBEIN.

Miss Hirschbein, who made her début at the Bechstein Hall a few weeks ago, is a young contralto of whom much is expected. Although her German name might suggest otherwise, Miss Hirschbein is English and a Londoner by birth. Originally a violinist, she turned to vocalism, and, on the advice of Mr. Richard Green, who is assisting at her second vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall to-morrow (March 10), has during the past three years studied with M. Jacques Bouhy, of Paris, with eminently satisfactory results.



MISS ETHEL HIRSCHBEIN, A PROMISING CONTRALTO.

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.